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From the collection
of the
UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL
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THE

UNIVERSALIST

HYMN-BOOK.

A

NEW COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

For the use of

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES.

.....

BY

HOSEA BALLOU, AND EDWARD TURNER.

.....

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.
St. Paul.

BOSTON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS
No. 4 Cornhill.
(Corner of Water-Street.)

.....

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1824
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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

L. S. Be it remembered, that on the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1821, in the Forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Munroe & Francis, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Universalist Hymn-Book: a new collection of Psalms and Hymns, for the use of the Universalist Societies. By *Hosea Ballou* and *Edward Turner*. 'I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.'—*St. Paul.*"

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

2504
56.1

PREFACE.

THE compilers of the following Hymns consider it proper to introduce this result of their labours, to their brethren and the public generally, with a few brief observations, explanatory of their objects and of the motives that induced them to undertake the present work. To "sing and make melody with the heart" and with the voice "to the Lord," is acknowledged to be a "reasonable service," as it certainly is a most pleasurable Christian exercise. In this exercise the heart and the voice should be in unison. The spirit of devotion should be attended with a clear apprehension of the consistency and truth of the matter of the song; otherwise the worshipper cannot "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." It is likewise highly proper and important, that the songs that are sung in a christian assembly, should correspond with the doctrine preached for their edification; or, if this cannot be accomplished in all cases to minute exactness, it is still highly improper to present a direct opposition, between the hymns which are sung, and the discourse delivered, in the same service.

The Hymn-Books hitherto used in many of our Societies possess many excellences, and contain considerable matter of a character truly evangelical. Such in particular, is the Boston Collection. Yet this work, with some others, which have been in use, appears to the compilers to be exceptionable, and that in cases of highly doc-

trinal importance. The sentiments, *that the Deity required an expiring victim, by way of satisfaction to his justice; that the death of Christ operated to cancel the debt which the sinner owed; and that God died upon the cross and rose from the dead;* these, though undoubtedly believed with sincerity by those who composed the hymns in which they are found, are considered as unsupported by revelation, and unapproved by reason; and they are not GENERALLY believed in our societies. While selections have been cheerfully made from the works containing such sentiments, of hymns which appeared to possess claims to the devotional attention of Christians, those of the above description have been carefully omitted.

A large number of the hymns now used in the Universalist Societies in Boston, have been retained. Selections have been made from the Philadelphia hymn book, Watts', Belknap's and Emerson's collections, and the hymns published some years since, at the request and by the direction of the General Convention of Universalists. With these selections a small number of original hymns have been incorporated.

While existing societies, believing in the "common salvation," are increasing in the number of their members, and new communities of the same faith are forming in various sections of the country, and possessing the privilege of Divine worship, a hope is entertained, that this compilation will contribute to aid, strengthen and animate the spirit of pure devotion. With this hope, the compilers commend the succeeding pages to the blessing of heaven, and to the patronage of their brethren.

Boston, April 14, 1821.

UNIVERSALIST HYMNS.

HYMN 1. L. M.

Praise for Providence. *Mat.* v. 45. *Acts* xiv. 17. *Psalm* cxlv. 16.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know, nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing Eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone. RIPPON's *Coll.*

HYMN 2. C. M.

The Excellence of Scripture. *Tim.* iii. 16. *Rom.* xv. 4.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant;
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 3. C. M.

Praise for the Gospel. *Ps.* xcvi. 1. *Luke* iii. 5, 6.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abr'am first,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs.

WATTS.

HYMN 4. L. M.

First and Second Adam. *Rom.* v. 14. 1 *Cor.* xv. 21, 22.

LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place!

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet.

3 But, O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made:
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But He shall reign, with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

WATTS.

HYMN 5. L. M.

Christ and the Church. *Psa.* xlviii. 10. xlvii. 9. c. 4, 5.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love. WATTS.

HYMN 6. Eights and Sevens Metre.

Consolation of Israel. *Isa.* xlix. 13. xl. 1, 2. *Luke* ii. 25, 26.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king:
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:

4 By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne. HART.

HYMN 7. C. M.

Desire of all nations. *Hag.* ii. 7. *Job.* xiv. 15. *Isa.* xxvi. 8.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace;
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To Thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odour's spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph, and their joy;
They find their all in Thee:
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 8. L. M.

Universal Praise. *Ps.* lxvi. 4. *Rev.* v. 13.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more. WATTS.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Fountain opened. *Zec.* xiii. 1. *Psa.* xxxvi. 9. *Isa.* xii. 18.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save. COWPER.

HYMN 10. L. M.

King of Nations. *Ps.* xlvii. 6, 7. lxxii. 10—14.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song:
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen. WATTS.

HYMN 11. L. M.

Rain of Heaven. *Ps.* lxxii. 6. *Isa.* lv. 10, 11.

AS show'rs on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands, that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As, in soft silence vernal show'rs
Descend, and cheer the fainting flow'rs;
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 12. S. M.

Salvation, Righteousness and Strength. *Isa.* xlix. 6. lix. 16, 17.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n ;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven. WATTS.

HYMN 13. C. M.

Offices of Christ prophetically described. *Isa.* xxix. 18, 24. xl. 45.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 14. C. M.

The Song of Angels. *Luke* ii. 10, 11, 13, 14.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord !
And this shall be the sign :

4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song :

6 "All Glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin and never cease." *Episcopal Psalm.*

HYMN 15: Eight, Eight and Six Metre.

Immanuel is born. *Luke* i. 68, 69, 70.

ARISE, and hail the happy day ;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things ;
This day to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in its wings.

2 If angels, on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs;
Much more should we of human race
Adore the wonders of his grace
To whom that grace belongs.

3 O then let heaven and earth rejoice,
Let ev'ry creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day,
When satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the powers of death and hell
Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

HOWARD'S *Coll.*

HYMN 16. C. M.

Praise. *Ps.* xxix. 2. xxiv. 1. lxvii. 5.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And Heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. WATTS.

HYMN 17. Sevens Metre.

Jesus glorified. *Acts* i. 10, 11. *Heb.* i. 5.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven!
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!

2 Him, though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servant, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heaven in thee.

WESLEY'S *Coll.*

HYMN 18. Sevens Metre.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors. *Psa.* xxiv. 7—10.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hallelujah.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hallelujah.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Jesus, thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own. Hallelujah.

5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song!
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hallelujah.

6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell:
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hallelujah.

RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 19. L. M.

Jesus exalted as a Prince and Saviour. *Acts* vi. 31. *Isa.* lxxxix. 27. *Heb.* ii. 8.

EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne:
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life, who wrought thy death.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 20. L. M.

The Triumphs of the Exalted. *Psa.* xc. 1---4.

THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

WATTS.

HYMN 21. C. M.

The Privilege of public Worship. *Psa.* cxxxii.

THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such length to go,
Nor wander far abroad:
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign;
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine. WATTS.

HYMN 22. C. M.

Asking the Way to Zion. *Jer.* i. 5.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to his temples haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent prayer.

4 Come, let us join our souls to GOD
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The cov'nant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To see their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Attendance on Divine Worship. *Ps.* cxxii.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In God's own house let us appear,
And keep the solemn day.

2 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest! WATTS.

HYMN 24. L. M.

The Church the garden of God. *Ps.* xcii. 12, &c.

LORD! 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his courts shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind. WATTS.

HYMN 25. L. M.

Acceptable Worship.

COME! pay the worship God requires,
Inflam'd with pure and holy fires;
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.

2 When piety, and truth refin'd,
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below. BOYSE.

HYMN 26. C. M.

The same subject.

WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Oh! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?

3 O no, my soul; 'twere fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favour can obtain.

4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To God with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice. BROWN.

HYMN 27. C. M.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy. *John* iv. 24.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then may I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there. WATTS.

HYMN 28. L. M.

Things below and Things above. *Ps.* ciii. 15, 16.

OF mortal life, how short the date!
Like flow'rs, which in their brightest state
With gaudy hues the fields adorn,
But soon by passing storms are torn.

2 Their boasted beauty reft away,
How quick the vernal blooms decay!
Each in an hour its pride resigns,
And with'ring in the dust reclines.

3 So transient is the life of man,
At most a brief contracted span;
It blooms, it fades; and serves to show
How vain, how frail are things below.

4 To things above with fix'd desire
Then let our better hopes aspire;
To realms, where, in eternal day,
Nor mortals die, nor flow'rs decay. MERRICK.

HYMN 29. Eights and Sevens Metre.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Ev'ry heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes:
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Ev'ry pure and humble mind;
Ev'ry kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refin'd:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Ev'ry stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws.
Lord! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wond'rous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above. JOHN TAYLOR.

HYMN 30. L. M.

The love of God better than life. *Ps.* lxiii. 1—6.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my joy, and thou my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 While in thy house I now appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
O may I see thy mercy here,
And taste the blessings of thy grace!

3 Not all by worldly men possess'd,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

4 My life itself, without thy love,
No real pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

5 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days. WATTS.

HYMN 31. C. M.

Homage and Devotion.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore; and, Lord! to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of pray'r we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring. JERVIS.

HYMN 32. L. M.

Humble Worship.

GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise,
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise?

2 Man, O how far remov'd below!
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night;
His brightest days can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.

3 But see! The bright, the morning star,
Rising shall chase the shades away;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Promise a sweet immortal day.

4 To him our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to Thee, the Great Unknown;
Through him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 33. L. M.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden off'rings well may spare:
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth pray'r. BARBAULD.

HYMN 34. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend:
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise
To heav'n a grateful sacrifice;
May heav'n that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, and toils, and pains.

4 In varied scenes, both old and new,
With joy, great God! thy works we view;
In praise recal thy mercies past
In hope thy future mercies taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend
In hope of that which ne'er shall end. CAPPE's *Selec.*

HYMN 35. C. M.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

SLEEP, to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;

Ye shall not violtae, this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

3 Sleep, forever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purg'd from sin, may I behold
A God of purity! MRS. BARBAULD.

HYMN 36. C. M.

A Lord's day Hymn.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Did from the dead arise;
My thoughts, exalt the lofty theme,
In anthems to the skies.

2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

3 Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

4 Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race,
As Father and as Friend.

5 O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence. COTTON.

HYMN 37. L. M.

A Hymn for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.

3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
When doubts and fears no more remain,
To break my inward peace again.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below :
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy. WATTS.

HYMN 38. C. M.

The Lord's day Morning.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung :
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips still join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn. MRS BARBAULD.

HYMN 39. C. M.

The same.

HAIL, happy morn ! whose early ray
Beheld the Saviour rise ;
Welcome again, auspicious day !
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 On this blest morn, birth-day of hope !
Let not one soul be sad ;
This is the day the Lord hath made,
And bids his saints be glad.

3 Come, and the wonders of the day,
In notes harmonious sing ;
Tell to the world the conquest's gain'd
By your victorious King.

4 O happy souls, that feel the pow'r
Of his attractive love !
With him they die, with him they live,
And seek the things above. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 40. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Attendance upon Religious Institutions.

I'LL bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heav'n and earth proclaim,
With ev'ry morning light ;
And at the close of ev'ry day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me through the night.

2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ :
The day that saw my Saviour rise,
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.

3 With grateful sorrows in my breast,
I'll celebrate the dying feast
Of my departed Lord ;
And while his perfect love I view,
His bright example I'll pursue,
And meditate his word. MISS DAY.

HYMN 41. L. M

The Wisdom of God.

THE depths of wisdom who can find ?
Or search an uncreated mind ?
From everlasting, wisdom stood
As one brought up and nurs'd of God.

2 Ere earth's foundations deep were laid,
Or mountains in the balance weigh'd,
Wisdom divine, in virgin youth,
Drew ev'ry golden line of truth.

3 She struck her compass, drew her lines,
Her hand the mighty deep confines;
She measur'd ev'ry globe or sphere,
And mark'd their circuit through the year.

4 The diff'rent seasons did ordain,
The wat'ry clouds to give us rain,
The winds to blow, the streams to run ;
They order keep, since time begun.

5 Well she was pleas'd with all her ways ;
They sure were fix'd for endless days ;
But on the sons of Adam's race,
She pour'd the richest of her grace.

6 In them her joys excelled far,
Tho' she controlled ev'ry star ;
Her sweet delights, and joys unknown,
Are placing men upon her throne. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 42. L. M.

The reign of God---From the Revelations, and Isaiah.

WHEN God descends, with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew ;
What tongue can half the glories tell,
Or eye the matchless wonders view ?

2 *Zion*, the desolate, shall sing,
The wilderness with roses bloom ;
Carmel and *Sharon* both shall bring
Their spices, and their rich perfume.

3 The weak are strong, the fearful bold,
The dumb shall sing in anthems sweet;
The lame shall walk, the blind behold
Their God, and worship at his feet.

4 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be:
Lilies on parched ground shall grow,
And gladness spring from ev'ry tree.

5 The wolves, with lambs, in meadows go,
The tigers harmless as the kid;
The lion shall no anger show,
But, with the calf, shall tamely feed.

6 Thus kings and slaves shall meet in love,
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign:
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again. H. Ballou.

HYMN 43. L. M.

The operations of nature speak the existence of a God. *Rom.* i. 20.

ALL nature speaks, let men give ear,
And bow the reverential knee;
The voice of nature they shall hear,
The God of nature they shall see.

2 Behold the stars with brilliant light,
And planets which in order move!
They all proclaim a God of might,
And testify a God of love.

3 The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
Enliven all things here below;
The lucid moon, with paler gleams,
Proclaim a God that made them so.

4 Survey the whole capacious earth,
The sea and land, rocks, hills, and plains;
The God of nature gave them birth,
And by his law the whole maintains.

5 Behold the trees in verdure rise!
God's wisdom shines in all their leaves:

Behold the birds that mount the skies,
And fish that fill the mighty seas !

6 In them is seen a God of pow'r,
From whom all life and being came :
Then let us all the Lord adore,
And bow before his matchless name. KNEELAND.

HYMN 44. C. M.

A threefold cord is not easily broken.

THE Lord in pow'r and wisdom reigns,
With everlasting might ;
Unchanging love and truth maintains,
And beams celestial light.

2 No human mind can comprehend
His vast, mysterious plan ;
Nor angels, who before him bend,
His boundless nature scan.

3 O trust in God, each trembling soul ;
Despondency, away !
His blessings reach from pole to pole,
A plenitude for thee.

4 Wisdom, for good, doth all control,
And love and pow'r agree ;
This threefold cord, believe, my soul,
Can never broken be.

5 Unite in praise, O men, your hearts,
And strike the golden lyre ;
Angels, attune your golden harps,
And sound his praises high. S. STREETER.

HYMN 45. S. M.

The blessings of the sun. *Psalm.* xix. 5, 6.

BEHOLD the brilliant sun,
Like to a bridegroom drest,
Come from the curtains of the east,
And shine unto the west !

2 All nature doth rejoice,
At his refulgent rays ;

The teeming earth, the fruitful trees,
Attune their voice to praise.

3 Hark! hear the tuneful birds
Begin their morning lay;
The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
Welcome the king of day.

4 Nor man of nobler form,
Nor creeping things more mean,
Doth he refuse to bless and warm,
With his enliv'ning beam.

5 So shall God's only Son,
In lucid beams of grace;
Arise with healing in his wings,
And all the nations bless.

6 The woodlands shall rejoice,
The vernal warblers sing;
But melody of praise from man,
Thro' earth, shall louder ring. S. STREETER.

HYMN 46. Sevens Metre.

Characters of Christ.

MEDIATOR, *Son of God!*
Spread thy boundless love abroad.
Counsellor, the Prince of Peace!
Fill the world with truth and grace.

2 *Sun of righteousness! arise!*
Send thy light around the skies.
Life of all the quick and dead!
Feed our souls with living bread.

3 *Leader of the halt and blind!*
Raise to life the sinking mind.
Binder of the broken heart!
Grace to ev'ry soul impart.

4 *Op'ner of the sealed book!*
Cause the world therein to look.
Taker of the vail away!
Lead us to eternal day.

5 *Raiser of the dead to life!*
Save the world from war and strife.
Saviour of rebellious man!
Prosecute th' eternal plan.

6 *Op'ner of the prison door!*
Captive souls to light restore.
Lamb of God to finish sin!
Bring thy work unto an end. KNEELAND.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Natural objects, images of spiritual.

LO, what a speaking lustre shines
In all the works of God;
His wisdom writ in fairest lines,
His pow'r declar'd abroad.

2 The heav'ns, adorn'd with moon and stars,
Express his glorious skill;
The day his strong impression bears,
The night attends his will.

3 Their language through the earth is heard;
One all-extending voice
Proclaims the cheering, peaceful word,
Which bids the earth rejoice.

4 Behold yon glowing, radiant sun,
Great source of blissful light,
Rejoicing, while his course to run,
He sheds effulgence bright!

5 Such is thy law, O God of grace!
Which renovates the soul;
A law of love, and truth, and peace,
That makes the wounded whole.

6 Nor shall its moral light grow dim,
Or ever fade away;
The present, gentle, rising beam
Shall shed a boundless day. TURNER.

HYMN 48. L. M.

God is Love.

WHEN my astonish'd eyes behold
My Maker's works, below, above;
And read his name in lines of gold,
I surely know that *God is Love.*

2 When I observe his written word,
His promises of grace I prove;
I wonder men don't praise the Lord,
For Scripture saith that "*God is Love.*"

3 What gentle streams of pleasure roll!
What quick'ning from the mystic Dove!
Now peace divine fills all my soul,
And I can shout "*my God is Love.*"

4 Now heav'nly courage I'll put on,
For far away my fear is drove;
I'll bow before the living Son,
And loud proclaim, "*My God is Love.*" H. BALLOU.

HYMN 49. S. M.

Christ fairer than men. *Ps.* xlv. 1, 2.

CELESTIAL Pow'r above,
Impart thy holy fire,
And fill my soul with heav'nly love,
While I attune my lyre.

2 Help me the joyful theme
With pleasure to indite;
The grace and glory of the Lamb,
The matchless King of Light.

3 Ten thousand times more fair
Than all the sons of men,
Art thou, my *Saviour*, and my Lord,
My everlasting Friend.

4 Into thy lips were pour'd
Celestial streams of grace;
That thou might plent'ously afford
To souls in keen distress.

5 God hath anointed thee
With majesty and pow'r;
And universal blessings crown
Thy reign for evermore.

6 All kindred, tongues shall be
The trophies of thy grace;
Rais'd to immortal scenes of joy,
To sing thine endless praise. S. STREETER.

HYMN 50. L. M.

The True Light. *John* i. 9, &c.

BEHOLD the sun, whose cheering light
Dispels the darkness of the night;
Beams from the east his gentle rays,
And in the west his light displays!

2 So, like the sun, did *Christ* appear,
Or like the bright and morning star;
Enlight'ning all the world below,
That every man the truth may know.

3 The glorious *Sun of Righteousness*
Came down the nations all to bless,
To spread the truth from pole to pole,
And bring again the ransom'd soul.

4 The lame, the halt, the deaf, the blind,
In Jesus shall salvation find;
And in his name shall all confess,
The Lord is God our Righteousness. KNEELAND.

HYMN 51. L. M.

Religion—a Heaven below.

TO wand'rers in the dismal road
Which leads to sin's most fatal woe,
Religion points the way to God,
And gives the peace of heaven below.

2 The slaves to error, the destroy'd,
Who neither joy nor comfort know,
In iron servitude employ'd,
Find in Religion—heaven below.

3 To the oppress'd, the poor not fed,
Who from the rich quite empty go,
Religion brings fair Zion's bread,
And fills the soul with heaven below.

4 Those who in riches, fame and pow'r,
Nothing but anxious cares can know,
Find in Religion's humble bow'r,
That peace which makes a heaven below.

5 The sick, the weak, the dying too,
Who earthly joys nor comforts know,
In pure religion have a view,
Of things which makes a heaven below.

H. Ballou.

HYMN 52. L. P. M.

From *Ps.* lxxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Thro' golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And ev'ry flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Sacred Melodies.

HYMN 53. C. M.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere we arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence and joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy cause
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth. *Salisbury Coll.*

HYMN 54. L. M.

A Christmas Hymn.

LET all the powers of music join,
In one exalted chorus raise
Loud anthems to the theme divine,
And fill all heaven and earth with praise.

2 To us is born a Son, to reign
High on a throne of grace divine,

And universal empire gain,
Through ev'ry land and ev'ry clime.

3 The banners of his grace unfurl'd,
Shall lead to victory and peace;
Shall raise from death a sinking world,
Nor shall his spreading glory cease.

4 A flood of light his path illumes,
And enters ev'ry dark recess;
An all-devouring flame consumes,
And makes each foe his power confess.

5 In council wonderful and wise,
All human wisdom shall confound,
While death itself before him dies,
And life, and joy, and peace abound.

6 An everlasting Father kind,
The world shall own his matchless grace,
And ev'ry child of sorrow find
The favour of his radiant face.

7 A mighty God, the prince of peace,
Thrones, powers, dominions to him bend;
And groaning pris'ners find release,
Rebellion now shall have an end.

8 Let all the powers below, above,
In one harmonious anthem raise
The honours of the God of love,
And fill the universe with praise. H. Ballou.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Universal Depravity. *Ps.* xiv.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;

And by their impious hands are done
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the men that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 He saw that all were gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
That none did fear his Maker's hand,
That none did love his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor will they bear diviner fruit
Till grace refine the ground. WATTS.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The Blessings of Nature and Grace.

LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

2 In this enlighten'd, pleasant land,
My happy portion lies;
Where nature's ever bounteous hand
All human want supplies.

3 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And consolation still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

4 I strive each action to approve
To thine all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hope remove,
For thou art ever nigh.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys which never fade.

WATTS *and* TATE *varied.*

HYMN 57. C. M.

The transforming vision of God.

MY God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy
To all the flattering world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline;
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wand'ring heart of mine.

3 Lord, guide this wand'ring heart to thee;
Unsatisfy'd I stray;
Break through the shades of sense and sin,
With thy enliv'ning ray.

4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

5 Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
To those transporting joys;
Then shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs.

6 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake;
And, in the likeness of my God,
Of heav'nly bliss partake. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God. *Ps.* **xix.**

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night,
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display,
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Has such a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

TATE.

HYMN 59. L. M.

Nature and Scripture compared. *Ps.* **xix.**

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Through the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great sun of righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven. WATTS.

HYMN 60. S. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning. *Ps.* xix.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear thy word with love;
O help me to obey!

Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Whilst with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God. WATTS.

HYMN 61. L. M.

The exaltation of Christ. *Ps.* xxi.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days. WATTS.

HYMN 62. C. M.

Obedience to God due from all Men.

LET all the various tribes of men
To God their homage pay;
And distant nations of the earth,
One sovereign Lord obey.

2 'Tis his prerogative supreme
O'er subject kings to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

3 The rich, whom he with plenty feeds,
His goodness shall confess;
The sons of want, whom he relieves,
Their bounteous patron bless.

4 With humble confidence to God
Let all for aid repair;
For he who first their beings gave,
Will make them still his care.

5 Blest time; when all of human birth,
Devoted to his name,
Shall to their heirs, his sacred truth
And glorious acts proclaim. TATE *varied.*

HYMN 63. S. M.

God's tender care of his People. *Ps.* xxiii.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 Whilst he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My God is with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
He does my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of his love
Shall crown my future days;

Nor from his house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak his praise. WATTS.

HYMN 64. S. M.

Seeking Divine Forgiveness and Direction. *Ps.* xxv,

TO God I lift my eyes,
My trust is in his name;
And they whose hope on him relies,
Shall never suffer shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening's shade,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
And ask thy heav'nly aid.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper age,
And follies of my youth.

4 Through all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine.
To those who with religious hearts
To his best will incline.

5 He those in safety guides
Who his direction seek,
And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

6 For thy own goodness' sake,
Save thou my soul from shame;
And pardon all my sins, though great,
Thro' my Redeemer's name. TATE *and* WATTS *varied.*

HYMN 65. C. M.

The Church is our Safety and Delight. *Ps.* xxvii.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What mortal flesh can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

6 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And elevate your hope. WATTS.

HYMN 66. C. M.

Love to Enemies. *Ps.* xxxv. 12--14.

BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
Which holy David shows;
Hark, how his tender pity moves
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
Whilst for their life he pray'd!

4 They groan, and curse him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;

And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious Type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
Whilst sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save our souls from death and sin,
Shed his own precious blood. WATTS.

HYMN 67. L. M.

The Divine Being and Perfections. *Ps.* xxxvi.

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both men and beasts thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with rich repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word. WATTS.

HYMN 68. C. M.

Man's Mortality. *Ps.* xxxix.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 This fruitless search no more be mine,
Such hopes I now recal;
My earthly prospects I resign,
And make my God my all. WATTS.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Charity rewarded. *Ps.* xli.

BLEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head;
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n. WATTS.

HYMN 70. C. M.

In Time of War. *Ps.* xliv.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save.

3 By thy right hand, thy pow'rful arm,
Whose succour they implor'd,
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name ador'd.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 We will not trust our sword nor bow,
When we in war engage;
But thee, who canst subdue our foe,
And calm their haughty rage.

6 To thee the glory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God our shield we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name. TATE, *varied.*

HYMN 71. C. M.

Universal Praise. *Ps.* xlvii.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth their voices raise,
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathen taste his grace.

WATTS.

HYMN 72. S. M.

Gospel Worship and Order. *Ps.* xlviii.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God whilst here below,
Our God above the sky. WATTS.

HYMN 73. L. M.

Divine Protection, Grace and Truth. *Ps.* lvii.

MY God in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns, I raise my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform:
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise,
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise!
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell. WATTS.

HYMN 74. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning. *Ps.* lxiii.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Nor raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing. WATTS.

HYMN 75. S. M.

Delight in Divine Worship. *Ps.* lxiii.

MY God, permit my tongue
With joy to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee whilst I live;
Not the gay scenes of time and sense
Such pure delight can give.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps. WATTS.

HYMN 76. C. M.

Jesus crowned Lord of all. *Isa.* xi. 10. *Hab.* ii. 14. *Rom.* xi. 25. 26.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And own him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And own him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And own him Lord of all.

4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And own him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And own him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And own him Lord of all. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 77. C. M.

The times of refreshing. *Isa.* xi. 9. xxv. 6. *Exod.* xxxi. 17.

ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food,
His bounteous hand bestows!
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven.

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 78. L. M.

The great Jubilee of Eternity. *Numb.* x. 10. *Isa.* xxvii. 13. *Zech.* x. 14, 16, 17. 1 *Thes.* iv. 16. 1 *Cor.* xv. 23.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round:
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain,
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
The joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls, that know the sound!
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show the jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 79. C. M.

Door. *John* x. 7, 9, 16.

AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The building strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'lling through one beauteous gate
To one eternal home! DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 80. L. M.

Glory and Grace in Immanuel. 1 *Cor.* i. 31. 2 *Cor.* x. 17. *Isa.* xlv. 25.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star:

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold! WATTS.

HYMN 81. C. M.

Kingdom of Christ. *Rom.* xi. 15. *Psa.* lxxxix. 29. *Zech.* ix. 10.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New-Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King."

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. WATTS.

HYMN 82. C. M.

High Priest, Merciful and Faithful. *Heb.* ii. 17. vii. 27.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,

And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour. WATTS.

HYMN 83. Six Line Long Metre.

Shepherd. *John* x. 11. *Isa.* xl. 11.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around. ADD

HYMN 84. S. M.

Way, Truth and Life. *John* xiv. 6. vi. 37, 44, 45.

I AM, saith Christ, the Way;
Now, if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the Truth:
Then all that lack this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the Life:
Let this be seen by faith;
It follows, without further strife,
That all beside is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply;
The simplest christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd nor die. WESLEY'S *Coll.*

HYMN 85. C. M.

The Glories of Redemption. *Isa.* i. 1--3. *Heb.* ix. 26. 1 *Pet.* ii. 24.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where wisdom, power and goodness shine,
In their most glorious forms;

5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe;
We love, and we adore;
The holy angels never saw
So much of God before.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. WATTS.

HYMN 86. C. M.

The Glad Tidings of Salvation. *Luke* i. 72, 73, 74. *Heb.* iii. 13. *Acts* x. 42.

SALVATION!—O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. WATTS.

HYMN. 87. Hallelujah Metre.

God's love eternal and unchangeable. *Ps.* xlii. 11. *Isa.* liv. 9, 10. *Tit.* iii. 5.

O MY distrustful heart!
How small thy faith appears;
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears.
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is forever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:

My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm:
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move;
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love.
Myself into thine arms I cast;
Lord, save, O save, my soul at last. L. H. C——.

HYMN 88. L. M.

The Loving Kindness of the Lord Jesus. *Ps.* xxxvi. 7, 8, 9. lxiii. 3. lxxvi. 15.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me.
His loving kindness, O how free.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all!
He sav'd me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing, in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness, in the skies. RIPPON's *Coll.*

HYMN 89. L. M.

The Hope which is the Anchor of the Soul. 1 *Pet.* i. 13. *Psa.* lxxxiv. 12. *Rom.* vii.24, 25. *Heb.* vi. 19.

O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart;
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thine enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
"The cheerful morn will never rise?"

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in assurance die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the Sun's refulgent eye, RIPPON's *Coll.*

HYMN 90. L. M.

Hoping. *Micah.* vii. 8, 9. *Psa.* xliii. 5. *Prov.* xiii. 12. *Rom.* iv. 18, 19, 20.

WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God be nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame.
On him alone my hopes recline;

The wond'rous glories of his name
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 91. S. M.

Rejoicing in the Hope set before us. *James.* v. 11. *Ps.* cxxxi. 3. *Hab.* iii. 17, 18.

NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How strait the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t'entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flow'rs of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the wand'rers on
To realms of endless day. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 92. Sevens Metre.

Praise. *Ps* vii. 17. xiii. 6. cxxv. 3.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the ways the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made!
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee. CENNICK.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Christ precious to them that believe. *Gal.* iv. 26. *Rom.* x. 11. 1 *Peter.* ii. 7.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 94. Eights and Sevens Metre.

Praise. *Psa.* xliv. 8. lxvii. 7. cxxxvi. 1—4.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

4 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen. ROBINSON.

HYMN 95. L. M.

Thanksgiving. *Psa.* xxv. 8. ciii. 8—10. cxlv. 14, 15.

YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruits and shade:
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But, O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man, a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 96. C. M.

At Charity Lectures. *Matt.* v. 42. *Prov.* xi. 25. 1 *Cor.* xvi. 14.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All pow'rful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And midst the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the riches of his blood,
A balm for every wound. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 97. C. M.

At the Dedication of Children. 1 *Cor.* vii. 14. *Matt.* xix. 13, 14, 15.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
With all engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 98. C. M.

At the Dedication of Children. *Matt.* xviii. 3, 10. *Gen.* xvii. 7. *Rom.* xv. 8. *Mark* x. 14.

HOW large the promise! how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name. WATTS.

HYMN 99. Eights and Sevens Metre.

New Year's Day. *Gen.* ix. 22. *Psa.* lxv. 11. lxxiv. 16.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O, fix me on it;
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer
Hither by thy help I'm come;

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON.

HYMN 100. C. M.

Gospel Invitation.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

3 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. WATTS.

HYMN 101. L. M.

The Messiah.

FROM Jesse's root a branch did rise,
Whose fragrance fills the lofty skies;
Which spreads its leaves from pole to pole,
A healing balm for every soul.

2 The sick, the weak, the halt, the blind,
In him do aid and comfort find,

A remedy for every wound,
Or mortal pain that can be found.

3 This is the Saviour long foretold,
Hear him, ye deaf; ye blind, behold!
He's come to make his grace abound,
As far as sin, or death is found.

4 No sigh, nor groan, the world shall hear,
He wipes away the falling tear;
He breaketh darkness' pow'rful chain,
And peace eternally shall reign,

5 No more on earth shall discord rise,
Nor warriors meet with hateful eyes!
Their pointed weapons shall no more
Be reaking with the crimson gore!

6 Long as the sun shall gild the morn,
Or moon shall fill her silver horn,
Or life, or being, shall remain,
So long Messiah's love shall reign. KNEELAND.

HYMN 102. L. M.

The Brightness of God's Glory.

WHAT dazzling light is that which shines
Beaming refulgent from the east
Celestial splendour through all climes,
And makes each child of sorrow blest?

2 It is the *Sun of Righteousness,*
The brightness of the great I AM!
In him Jehovah manifests
His mercy, love, and grace to man.

3 He made, from darkness, light to shine;
So in each heart of Adam's race
He beams the light of life divine,
And comforts all its deep distress.

4 *Immortal Radiance of Life!*
In brighter flames of brilliance move
Till all are turn'd from sin and strife
To sing the deathless song of love. S. STREETER

HYMN 103. L. M.

Unto me every knee shall bow, &c. *Isa.* xiv. 23, 25. *Rom.* xiv. 11. *Phillip.* ii. 10, 11.

TH' unchangeable Jehovah saith,
I, by myself, have truly sworn;
The word's gone forth in righteousness,
Nor shall the sacred word return:

2 That every knee, above, below,
Shall humbly bow before my throne:
And every soul my truth shall know—
In mè they've life and strength alone:

3 That every tongue shall loudly sing,
To Jesus Christ, the living Lord;
And make the highest arches ring
In praises of the faithful Word.

4 Thus shall my name be glorify'd,
By all in earth and heav'n above;
In me shall every soul confide,
And taste the streams of heav'nly love. KNEELAND.

HYMN 104. C. M.

The Blessings of the Gospel. *Matt.* xi. 5.

WHAT glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue!
I can no longer silence bear;
I'll burst into a song;

2 The blind receive their sight again,
The lame can walk abroad;
The foulest leper's washed clean,
The deaf can hear the word.

3 The dead are rais'd to life anew,
By renovating grace;
The glorious gospel's preach'd to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

4 O, wond'rous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from wo the sinking mind,
To reign in realms above.

5 Employ, my soul, thy noblest pow'rs,
In praising Christ the Lamb;
There ne'er was grace like this before—
Hosanna to his name! S. STREETER.

HYMN 105. C. M.

The Gospel Mission. *Mark.* xvi. 15, 16.

GO, saith a risen Saviour, go,
My gospel preach to all;
Let the most distant nations know,
And hear, my gracious call.

2 Proclaim aloud my gospel free,
And every creature teach;
That they may my salvation see,
My gospel faithful preach.

3 The blest effects then you shall see
In them who do believe;
Their souls, from sin and death set free,
By faith in me shall live.

4 For want of faith in them that hear,
The word is not receiv'd;
From sin, and death, and every fear,
Their souls are not reliev'd. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 106. C. M.

The Message of the Angels to the Shepherds.

WHAT sudden glories did surprise
Shepherds who watch'd their fold!
A heavenly form salutes their eyes,
Array'd in shining gold!

2 'Twas night, and gloomy darkness hung
Over the lands afar;
Shepherds in pensive numbers sung,
Or watch'd the twinkling star.

3 Deep musing on the prophecies
Of glories then to come;

With glimm'ring hopes and longing eyes,
They of Messiah sung.

4 But lo! the long-expected day
Salutes their wishful eyes;
While heav'nly grace makes a display,
Which strikes them with surprise.

5 Trembling they stand, as in amaze,
To see the vision bright;
They stedfast on the angel gaze,
While wrapt in silent night.

6 August the words which silence break,
And charming to their ears;
While all their tremblings them forsake,
And they forget their fears.

7 Behold! the tidings which we bring
To you of heav'nly grace,
Is of your long-expected King,
The Saviour of your race!

8 To-day is born, in Bethlehem,
The long-expected Light,
To rule the New Jerusalem,
And turn to day the night. H. Ballou.

HYMN 107. C. M.

What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. *Acts* x. 15.

WHEN God would on the Gentiles rise,
In light of truth divine,
He blest his holy servant's eyes
With visions most sublime.

2 The law and prophets open'd were,
While he the vision saw;
The covenant of grace was there,
Descending from the law.

3 Like to a vessel, that contain'd
The Gentile and the Jew;
All that the promises had nam'd,
Presented were to view.

4 What God hath cleans'd is not unclean,
The vision truly saith;
Knowledge of what these words do mean,
Enlarg'd th' apostle's faith. H. Ballou.

HYMN 108. C. M.

By Grace are ye saved, &c. *Eph.* ii. 3.

BY grace the great Salvation comes,
Through faith of Christ our Lord;
Not by the works which we have done,
But by th' eternal Word.

2 The power of God, in Christ reveal'd,
Created us anew;
And by his Holy Spirit seal'd
His children, just and true.

3 As God ordain'd that we should live
In peace and heav'nly love,
He doth his Holy Spirit give,
And comforts from above.

4 Then let us always watchful be,
T' improve the heav'nly grace,
And live from works of darkness free,
And run the heav'nly race. H. Ballou.

HYMN 109. L. P. M.

Several Scriptures on the Kingdom of Christ.

TO Christ the Son, the Father spake,
Lo! ask of me, and I will make
The heathen to thy sceptre bend;
The utmost parts of all the earth
Are thine inheritance by birth,
And wide thine empire shall extend.

2 Now Jesus waves his sceptre high,
Unfurls his banners in the sky,
While loud the gospel trumpets sound;

His enemies with sore dismay,
Retire in haste and yield the day,
While trophies to the Lord abound.

3 Before him kings and tyrants fall,
Detest their crowns, and on him call,
And he a pardon freely gives;
The world, in sin, was dead before,
To life, the world he will restore,
And in him all the world shall live.

4 O Lord, thy government shall be
Extended wide, from sea to sea,
And long thy sceptre thou shalt hold;
As long as sun or moon shall shine,
Thou king of all the earth shalt reign,
The mysteries of thy grace unfold. H. Ballou.

HYMN 110. C. M.

The Reign of Christ. *Ps.* lxxii.

JESUS his empire shall extend;
Beneath his gentle sway,
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest;
We hear the noise of war no more,
He gives his people rest.

3 As rain descends in gentle show'rs
In the returning spring,
And calls to life the fragrant flow'rs,
Which makes the turtle sing;

4 So Jesus, by his heav'nly grace,
Descends on man below;
His blessings, on the human race,
In gentle currents flow.

5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,

The Saviour shall his sceptre sway
With uncontrolled might.

6 All that the reign of sin destroy'd
The Saviour shall restore;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Shall give us blessings more. H. Ballou.

HYMN 111. S. M.

Confidence in God. *Isa.* xii. 2.

BEHOLD, the mighty God,
In whom I live and move,
Is my Salvation, and my Lord,
My life, my joy, my love.

2 In him secure I'll trust,
Who earth's foundations laid;
Nor e'er withdraw my confidence,
Nor will I be afraid.

3 The Lord Most High's my strength;
In him my soul is strong:
I'll sing as with an angel's voice;
Jehovah is my song.

4 To draw my soul from him,
In vain temptations roll;
Since He, in mercy, has become
Salvation to my soul. S. Streeter.

HYMN 112. S. M.

Viewing Christ, by Faith. *Heb.* xii. 22, 23.

LORD, we unite our hearts,
And humbly bend to thee;
While we, by faith, approach the mount,
And our Redeemer see.

2 Lo, in those brilliant courts,
Ten thousand angels sing;
And human spirits, perfect made,
Their grateful tributes bring.

3 So help thy children, Lord,
Who to this place have come;
To join their hearts and voice in praise,
For life, through Christ, thy Son.

4 Dear Lamb, come, manifest,
In every soul, thy love;
And make our penitential hearts
In swift obedience move.

5 Grant each of us, dear Lord,
Sufficiency of grace,
With reverence and godly fear
Acceptably to praise.

6 O help us, Lord, to pray;
Assist to hear and preach;
And bless our worshipping this day,
We humbly thee beseech.

7 And when these days are o'er
Of worshipping below,
O may we learn to praise thee more,
And all thy councils know. S. STREETER.

HYMN 113. L. M.

Humiliation. *Joel* ii. 13—17.

IN Zion let the trumpet blow,
The congregation gather'd be;
Let old and young together go,
To worship on the suppliant knee.

2 In one assembly let them bend,
Together hear the sacred word;
Their hearts, and not their garments rend,
And turn their face to serve the Lord.

3 Let priests, the ministers of God,
Between the porch and altar weep;
And send their suppliant cries abroad,
That God would spare his wand'ring sheep.

4 The Lord is merciful and just,
His kindness he hath ever shown;

In him let all the nations trust,
For in the Lord we live alone.

5 Who knows but that the Lord will send
His blessings down upon our race;
O trust in him! he is our friend;
A friend to souls when in distress. KNEELAND.

HYMN 114. L. M.

The Sun of Righteousness.

HOW bright that sun that makes our day,
How powerful is each quick'ning ray;
To distant lands and worlds unknown
His life-creating beams have flown.

2 The light of Christ is brighter far;
Compar'd with him, the sun's a star,
More brilliant are his rays divine,
And with a clearer lustre shine.

3 More dark the regions of the soul
By Christ illum'd, than the north pole,
When Sol's bright face is turned away,
And night and cold succeed the day—

4 And colder too are our dead hearts,
Till he his warming beams imparts;
When into love the passions flow,
Like limped streams from ice and snow.

5 No more impartial is the sun
To planets which around him turn,
Than Christ, whose universal love
Fills earth below, and heaven above.

6 See earth discharg'd from winter's cold,
Soft zephyrs breathe and buds unfold,
The fields and meadows drest in green,
Sweet birds are heard and flowers are seen.

7 But greater freedom do we find
When Christ unbars th' imprison'd mind,
And softer graces breathe within,
When grace subdues the power of sin.

8 And more melodious songs are sung,
And sweeter graces too among
The converts to the gospel theme,
Than lilies in the vallies green. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 115. L. M.

The Power of Darkness.

WHEN the blest light of day declines,
And night with murky clouds combines,
The pilgrim oft his way mistakes;
For the wrong road, the right forsakes.

2 The toils of error now come on,
The pilgrim's hope of rest is gone,
Briers and thorns infest the ground,
And beasts of prey are howling round.

3 Grim spectres gleam before his eyes,
Despairing thoughts within him rise,
His useless eye-balls start and glare,
And fancy sees destruction there.

4 An ignis fatuus in the glen,
To the lone wand'rer proves a gin;
He follows the deceptive fire,
And helpless sinks in fatal mire.

5 But superstition's darker gloom
Has caus'd our wand'ring hearts to roam,
Far from the light of truth divine,
Where love and grace forever shine.

6 And more severe the toils we find,
Far more distress'd the fearful mind,
And ranker grow the briers of grief,
The thorns of strife and unbelief.

7 And far more horrid is the yell,
That stuns our ears with death and hell;
More frightful spectres too are seen
In error's wild disordered dream.

8 And more deceptive is the fire,
Which false religious views inspire;
And deeper mire is in the glen
Of error, unbelief, and sin. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 116. L. M.

Prayer.

MAY that kind wisdom whose bright eye
Sees through events, and knows their end,
Whose tender mercies never die,
To my weak heart his favour lend.

2 Give me to feel as Jesus pray'd,
When on the cross he bleeding hung,
When all his foes their wrath display'd,
And with their spite his bosom stung.

3 Till death he lov'd his foes, and said,
Father, forgive; then groan'd and died;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls apply'd.

4 For such a heart and such a love,
Kind Lord, I raise my soul to thee;
O pour thy spirit from above,
That I may like my Saviour be. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 117. Hallelujah Metre.

A Paraphrase on the XCVIth Psalm.

YE realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honours rise,
To heaven's eternal King.
O, bless his name, whose love extends
Salvation, to the world's far ends.

2 Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

3 The Lord unrivall'd reigns;
He spread the heav'ns abroad,

His hand the the world sustains;
O, fear th' Almighty God!
O, praise and fear th' eternal might,
Which call'd the world from ancient night.

4 'Tis He the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'Tis He old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;
He swells the tempests on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

5 Still let the waters roar,
As round the earth they roll;
His praise, forevermore,
They sound, from pole to pole.
'Tis nature's wild unconscious song,
O'er thousand waves, that floats along.

6 His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display, with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
O, let his works declare his name,
Through all the universal frame. H. Ballou, 2d.

HYMN 118. L. M.

Hymn in Time of War.

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all!

2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race.

3 O see with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth:
While righteousness and justice mourn:
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

6 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy son's blest errand from above,
"My creatures, live in mutual love!" AIKEN.

HYMN 119. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord.

SING to the Lord a joyful song;
Earth to his praise the note prolong,
Till realms remote his acts have known,
And man's whole race his wonders own.

2 Great is the Lord, and great his praise;
What God like him our fear can raise?
Not such as heathen lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.

3 Let every people, every tribe,
Power, glory, strength, to him ascribe;
Yield to his name the honours due;
Oft to his courts your way pursue.

4 Before the beauty of his shrine,
Ye saints, in low prostration join;
Ye natives of each distant shore,
His power revere, his name adore. MERRICK.

HYMN 120. Tens and Elevens Metre.

The God and Father of Christ to be Praised.

O COME, all ye sons of Adam, and raise
A song unto God; how lovely his praise!
Adore him who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love

2 His breath is your life, your reason a ray
Effus'd from his light to guide all your way;
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

3 Dash down your false gods of silver and stone;
Him worship who made earth and heaven alone;
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive;
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.

4 O Father of men! in mercy command
The gospel to shine on all human land;
That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

Warrington Coll.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Reverential Worship.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And songs of honour sing:
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand,
He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace?

WATTS.

HYMN 122. S. M.

The same subject.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the mighty God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. WATTS.

HYMN 123. Sevens Metre.

Humble Adoration.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That, through heaven's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.

4 Lord! thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd. *Salisbury Coll.*

HYMN 124. L. M.

Song of solemn praise.

WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with joy and mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed!
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O! enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless!

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure. TATE.

HYMN 125. L. M.

Praise to our Creator. *Ps.* c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame!
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. WATTS.

HYMN 126. L. M.

Praise to God as the first and the last.

I AM the first, and I the last;
Time centres all in me:
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And ever more shall be.

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above! *Edinburgh Coll.*

HYMN 127. Sevens Metre.

Glory to the Most High God.

GLORY be to God on high! Hallelujah!
God, whose glory fills the sky:
Lift your voice, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call.

2 God his sov'reign sway maintains;
King o'er all the earth he reigns:
All to him lift up their eye;
He does ev'ry want supply.

3 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine,
Emulate the heav'nly powers;
Their all-gracious God is ours.

4 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore:
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high. WALKER'S *Coll.*

HYMN 128. Tens and Elevens Metre.

Hymn of Praise.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join:
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend,
Let each grateful heart be glad in his King:
The God, whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn:
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4 Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 129. C. M.

Praise to the God of Nature.

BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
To lofty theme convey.

5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

6 Let harmless thunder roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault,
To ev'ry bounding strain.

7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony:

8 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays,
To heaven's eternal King. MRS. ROWE.

HYMN 180. L. M.

Universal Praise.

CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through ev'ry shining coast;
Our God a noble praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day!
Praise him in thy sublime career;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
Night's sable horrors to illume,
Praise him who hung you high in heav'n,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play;
Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd!
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the Almighty God ador'd:

He made the nations by his pow'r,
And rules them with his sov'reign word.

6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfections know no bound,
But fill the immensity of space. WILLIAMS's *Coll.*

HYMN 131. C. M.

God the Creator of Mankind.

GOD of our lives, whose bounteous care
First gave us power to move;
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love?

2 While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.

3 Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

4 O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands. DODSLEY.

HYMN 132. L. M.

The voice of Nature.

ALMIGHTY goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display,
And bless the hand which made them shine
With various charms profusely gay.

2 For man and beast here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet-winding gently flows.

3 By cooling streams and soft'ning show'rs
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants, and herbs and flow'rs,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

4 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art:
Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

5 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him and adore. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 133. S. M.

Praise to the Creator.

ALMIGHTY maker, God!
How wond'rous is thy name
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through all creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too:
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4 In joy, O! let me spend
The remnant of my days;
And oft to God, my soul! ascend
In grateful songs of praise. WATTS.

HYMN 134. C. M.

The God of Nature invoked.

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wond'rous works,
Thy vary'd love we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

HYMN 135. Sevens Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the Lord your noblest theme,
Who of gods is God supreme;
He, to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee, and veil their pride:

3 Who asserts his just command
By the wonders of his hand:
He whose wisdom, thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky:

4 He, who bade the wat'ry deep
Under earth's foundations sleep;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless ether roll;

5 Thee, O sun, whose pow'rful ray
Rules the empire of the day;
You, O moon and stars, whose light
Gild the darkness of the night.

6 He with food sustains, O earth,
All who claim from thee their birth;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end. MERRICK.

HYMN 136. Sevens Metre.

The same subject.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse, and all its state:

3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main:
Who, by his commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:

4 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All his creatures God does feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye:
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. MILTON.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Public Worship. *Ps.* lxv.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
For thou wilt purge the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives. TATE.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Fruitful Seasons. *Ps.* lxv.

GOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care:
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
The grateful lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The fields, with verdure fill'd, again
Revive the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise. WATTS.

HYMN 139. S. M.

Universal Praise. *Ps.* lxvii.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy church to shine.

2 That so thy gracious way
May through the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let the whole world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
In humble pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth. TATE.

HYMN 140. L. M.

The pleasure of Public Worship. *Ps.* lxxxiv.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides a nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
Those pleasures which his children want?

3 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace.
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt me to desert thy door.

4 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

5 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

6 Blest are the men, whose steadfast minds
To Zion's gate are still inclin'd:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. WATTS.

HYMN 141. Hallelujah Metre.

The same.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires,
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
With equal zeal,
Lord, I would wait, within thy gate,
And with thee dwell.

3 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,

Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more to keep the door
Than shine in courts.

4 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still,
And happy they, who find the way
To Zion's hill.

5 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat!
When God our King shall thither bring
Our willing feet! WATTS.

HYMN 142. C. M.

A blessed Gospel. *Ps.* lxxxix.

BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His promises exalt their hope,
Nor Satan dare condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives. WATTS.

HYMN 143. C. M.

The Covenant of Grace. *Ps.* lxxxix.

HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

2 Behold the Man my wisdom chose,
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall put his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side;
While in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.

5 Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own;
Call me his Rock, his High Abode,
And I'll support my Son.

6 My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And princes at his feet.

7 My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heav'n his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long." WATTS.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The same.

YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt my anger down:

2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But never cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 My cov'nant I will not revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;

And what eternal Love hath spoke,
Eternal Truth shall bind.

4 Once have I sworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.

6 Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more. WATTS.

HYMN 145. Eights and Sevens Metre.

A Charity Hymn.

LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory uncontin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light,
So the scorn'd and humble station
Shrinks before thine equal sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.
These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the boughs again.
These, &c.

6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens the autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing:
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,
Heard by thee in ev'ry prayer. *Episc. Coll.*

HYMN 146. C. M.

Divine Protection, Resignation and Gratitude. *Ps.* xci.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amidst the darkest hours
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flow'rs.

2 This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
No harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye.

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart;

Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

5 Is blooming health my happy share;
O may I bless my God!
Thy goodness let my song declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

6 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

7 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

8 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 147. S. M.

A Holy God worshipped with Reverence. *Ps.* xcix.

THE God, Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

2 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

3 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

4 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

5 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name. WATTS.

HYMN 148. C. M.

A general Song of praise. *Ps.* cviii.

O GOD, my grateful soul aspires
To magnify thy name!
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my heart, and thou, my voice,
Thy willing tribute pay;
And let a hymn of sacred joy
Salute the op'ning day.

3 To all the list'ning world around
Thy goodness I will sing;
Whilst ev'ry grateful tongue shall join
To praise th' eternal King:

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends:
And far beyond the spread ng earth
Thy faithfulness extends.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name. TATE, *altered.*

HYMN 149. L. M.

Divine Greatness and Condescension. *Ps.* cxiii.

YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing,
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds.

3 What impious mortal rashly dare,
What angel with our God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright host of angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And makes them meet for heav'nly thrones. WATTS.

HYMN 150. S. M.

Praise to God from all Nations. *Ps.* cxvii.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honours spread;
Long may thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more. WATTS.

HYMN 151. C. M.

For the Lord's Day. *Ps.* cxviii.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 This day, the Saviour left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell!
This day, the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Save us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise. WATTS.

HYMN 152. S. M.

Salvation by Christ. *Ps.* cxviii.

BEHOLD the Corner-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

2 The Jewish scribe and priest
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
And envy rage in vain.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

4 How glorious is the day,
By our Redeemer made!
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all his grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise. WATTS.

HYMN 153. C. M.

Repentance and Obedience. *Ps.* cxix.

THOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 If thou incline this wand'ring heart
Thy precepts to fulfil;
Then, till my mortal life shall end,
I shall perform thy will. WATTS.

HYMN 154. C. M.

Instruction from the Scriptures. *Ps.* cxix.

THY word is like a heav'nly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

2 When once it enters to the mind
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth preserves her place;
In nature's volume, night and day:
Thy power and skill we trace,

4 But in thy law and gospel, Lord,
Are lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age. WATTS.

HYMN 155. C. M.

Desire of Divine Knowledge. *Ps.* cxix.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How great thy works appear;
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My flesh, by thy creating hands,
Is form'd with care and skill;
O make me learn thy just commands,
That I may them fulfil!

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Be thou my constant guide;
Direct the way my feet shall go,
Nor let me turn aside.

4 If thou to me thy statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart,
Thy work for ever I'll pursue,
Thy law shall rule my heart.

5 From those vain objects turn my sight,
Which this false world displays;
But give me heav'nly power and light
To tread thy righteous ways. TATE *and* WATTS.

HYMN 156. Hallelujah Metre.

Divine Preservation. *Ps.* cxii.

TO God I lift my eyes,
From whom is all my aid:
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid.

God is the tower
To which I fly; his grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my heav'nly guide,
Will dissipate my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
Which never sleep, shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heat by day,
Nor blast of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there,
Thou art my light
And thou my shade, to guard my head,
By day or night.

4 Hast thou not promis'd, Lord,
To save my soul from death,
And I can trust thy word,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till from on high
Thou calls't me home. WATTS.

HYMN 157. S. P. M.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. *Ps.* cxxii.

HOW does my heart rejoice,
To hear the public voice,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength enclose thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's holy Son
Hath plac'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the wicked sad;
But humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house,"
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well. WATTS.

HYMN 158. C. M.

Remarkable Deliverance. *Ps.* cxxvi.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd our mournful state,
Our rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The work appear'd so great.

2 "Great is the work," our brethren cry'd,
And own'd the power divine:
"Great is the work," our souls reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

4 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

5 The seed, though buried long in dust,
Will not deceive their hope;
The precious grain cannot be lost,
For grace ensures the crop. WATTS.

HYMN 159. S. M.

Brotherly Love. *Ps.* cxxxiii.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run!

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where peace like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love. WATTS.

HYMN 160. L. M.

Daily and nightly Devotion. *Ps.* cxxxiv.

YE servants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns in triumph sing;
Ye who attend his courts by day,
And in the night your homage pay.

2 Behold the sun, obedient still
To execute his Maker's will!
The silver moon and planets roll
In silence round the glowing pole.

3 As they dispense their steady rays,
Like them, be constant in his praise;
Like them harmoniously join
To celebrate the hand divine.

4 And may that God whose power has made
This earth, and heaven's wide arch display'd,
From sacred Zion bid you prove
The blessings of his boundless love.

HYMN 161. C. M.

A Song of Praise. *Ps.* cxxxviii.

TO thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively grateful song;
Attending crowds shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.

2 Amidst the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines;
A faithful God, thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.

3 Th' eternal God looks kindly down
On pious humble souls;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controls.

4 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil,
To thee the work belongs;
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 162. Hallelujah Metre.

Universal Praise. *Ps.* cxlviii.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ,
Above the starry frame.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright, in worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of feebler light.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above, and clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord
And praise his holy name;

By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came.
And all shall last,
From changes free; his firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways,
His works proclaim his wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

5 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey; his glorious sway
The sky transcends.

6 Virgins and youths engage,
To sound his praise divine;
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung, by ev'ry tongue,
In endless strains.

7 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise, his saints shall raise
His honours high. TATE *and* WATTS, *united.*

HYMN 163. Hallelujah Metre.

Christ Crucified.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me

The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.

4 O, unexampled love!
O, all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

5 O, for a trumpet's voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all!
For all, my Lord was crucify'd,
For all, for all, my Saviour dy'd!

HYMN 164. Sevens Metre.

Praise to the Redeemer.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd!

CHORUS.

Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love;
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way:
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see!
Men on earth, &c.

3 Then, with angels, we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
Men on earth, &c.

HYMN 165. Sevens and Six Metre.

Praise to Jehovah.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
For his matchless power:
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name,
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim;
Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,
The reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their king:
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
In heaven, on earth ador'd,
Praise the Lord in every breath:
Let all things praise the Lord.

HYMN 166. L. P. M.

Praise for Divine Goodness. *Ps.* cxlvi.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure !
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures. WATTS.

HYMN 167. L. M.

Jesus hath done all things.

NOW shall our souls with pleasure raise,
To our dear Lord a song of praise :
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.

2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race ;
He conquer'd sin, and death, and hell ;
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

3 He undertook to bear our load,
And bring us back again to God;
To fit us with himself to dwell;
Christ Jesus hath done all things well.

4 He will accomplish his design,
And all things in himself combine;
No more shall ever they rebel;
Our Jesus will do all things well.

5 His work, how great! his plan, how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel;
For Jesus will do all things well.

6 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel,
To cry "He hath done all things well."

HYMN 168. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

General Praise.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty Name!
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph, rides the King of kings,
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise;
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

5 Let man by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy. B. WILLIAMS's *Coll.*

HYMN 169. L. P. M.

Universal Praise.

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing a lofty song of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his works of grace proclaim.

2 Great is the Lord, his praise be great,
Who sits on high enthron'd in state,
To him alone let praise be given;
Those gods, the heathen world adore,
In vain pretend to sov'reign power,
He only rules who made the heaven.

3 He fram'd the globe, he spread the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high,
He reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His glories how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
Proclaiming loud Jehovah reigns;
For joy let fertile valleys sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring,
To him whose power the world sustains.

5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall own its sov'reign power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the universe confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

TATE *and* WATTS.

HYMN 170. C. M.

Praise to God and the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN 171. Eights Metre.

The New Jerusalem. *Rev.* xxi. 1.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come;

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When rais'd by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride from her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immoveably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the Sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light;
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

HYMN 172. Sevens and Six Metre.

The better portion.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heaven thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

HYMN 173. C. M.

Christ's First and Second Coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and noble song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A guilty world to save;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day!
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 With pleasure lift your wond'ring eyes,
Ye islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Saviour's way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God:
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad. WATTS.

HYMN 174. Eights and Sevens Metre.

Universal Praise.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue,
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings giv'n,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high. FAWCET.

HYMN 175. Tens and Elevens Metre.

Jehovah reigns.

JEHOVAH reigns! let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow, with holy fear:
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name;
And the whole peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Wide, and more wide, the homage still extending
Through boundless space, and ages never ending.

2 He rules, with wide and absolute command,
O'er the wild ocean and the steadfast land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature
Usurp the honours of the sole Creator.

3 He bade the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night,
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And fed the kindling flame of nature's life,
Seasons and months began their long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

4 The sun receives the splendour of his ray,
Assumes his station and creates the day;
And the pale moon reflects her borrow'd light
Superior o'er the shadows of the night:
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorning,
Num'rous as dew drops in a vernal morning.

5 From chaos rising, earth confess'd his pow'r;
Adorn'd with ev'ry plant and ev'ry flow'r;
And issuing from the hollow of his hand
The waters compass and divide the land;
Seas, rivers, all their destin'd channels knowing,
And in new forms eternal goodness showing,

6 The new-born earth complete in rich array,
At length prepares to take her annual way,
And with untarnish'd lustre as she stood;
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good:
The morning stars with joyful acclamation
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

HYMN 176. C. M.

Christ's Second Advent.

HE comes! Jehovah comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show his truth in righteousness,
And spread his power abroad.

2 The christian world in darkness lies,
By falsehood overrun;
The moon and stars no longer rise,
And clouds have veil'd the sun.

3 But lo! the mighty God appears,
On clouds behold him rise;
He comes to dry his Zion's tears,
And cheer his mourning bride.

4 Now sacred love with mildest rays
In Zion's land shall rise;
The heavenly sun divinely blaze,
And brighten all the skies.

5 Now truth shall chase the clouds away,
And falsehood reign no more;
But one unclouded, heavenly day
Shall shine from shore to shore. PROUD.

HYMN 177. L. M.

Jesus the Sun of Heaven.

JESUS, thou Sun of love divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine;
In thee with bright effulgence meet
Wisdom and love, and light and heat.

2 Through heaven thy glory is display'd
In one bright day without a shade;
Angels from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.

3 With thee they dwell in fervid light,
Nor feel nor fear the shades of night;
Thy heavenly beams will never fail,
But one eternal day prevail.

4 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth display'd from shore to shore;
Till men of every land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and worship thee.

5 'Tis done—the Sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign. PROUD.

HYMN 178. L. M.

The happy state of the Christian.

AS we advance in wisdom's ways,
Thy love demands new songs of praise;
Our pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
And all within is settled peace.

2 Our foes with weaker pow'r assail;
With strength increasing we prevail;
Above our ev'ry tempter rise,
And press with zeal towards the skies.

3 Look we at death? 'Tis with delight;
A gentle sleep, and short the night;
Angels support the feeble head,
Our souls have nothing here to dread.

4 Think we of judgment! happy day!
Joyful the summons we obey;
It is to meet the God we love,
And take our glorious crowns above.

5 Transporting thought! celestial state!
For this we live, for this we wait;
And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

HYMN 179. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Lord's Day Morning.

HAIL, happy day, the type of rest,
When all the faithful shall be bless'd,
And cease from toil and pain;
So we to-day the emblem prove,
Cease from all work, but praise and love,
And solid pleasure gain.

2 To day our mighty Conqueror rose,
In triumph o'er his numerous foes,
And death a captive bound;
So we from ev'ry evil rise,
Mount up in thought towards the skies,
And walk on Zion's ground!

3 Begone, ye ev'ry worldly care;
My soul to study, praise, and prayer,
To-day be wholly given;
I'll humbly wait at Jesus' feet,
The saints in solemn worship meet,
And learn the way to heav'n.

4 Jesus will kindly condescend
To teach my soul, my heart amend,
And fill me with his love!

That ev'ry sabbath I may know,
An antepast of heav'n below,
The rest of saints above!

PROUD.

HYMN 180. L. M.

Fulfilment of God's Promises. *Is.* lxiii. 7.

RISE, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song;
Surprising mercies must require
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.

2 See what the gracious God of heav'n
Hath now to his own Israel giv'n;
No heart can feel, no tongue express,
The wonders of his love and grace.

3 In ev'ry age the Lord was kind,
And to his church reveal'd his mind;
But we enjoy a wond'rous store
Of mercies never known before.

4 The sun of heav'n illumes the soul,
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll;
The heav'nly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the Fount above.

5 O happy day! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be:
His greatest mercies stand confess'd,
And Zion is divinely bless'd.

6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record;
To us are richest favours giv'n,
And praises shall return to heav'n.

HYMN 181. S. M.

The Lord seen and adored in the Creation.

WHEN I survey this world,
With all its beauteous frame,
Its great Creator I adore,
And celebrate his name.

2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord:
All nature echoes with his praise,
And be his name ador'd.

3 The sun in ev'ry beam
Proclaims the God above:
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the worlds in love.

4 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In ev'ry twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honour show.

5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise;
And O, that ev'ry living soul
Would songs of honour raise.

6 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine;
And while in praise my tongue can move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine! PROUD.

HYMN 182. S. M.

The Spiritual Sense of the Holy Word revealed.

GREAT God, we give thee praise
For all thy wond'rous grace!
Thy kind and condescending ways
To our poor fallen race!

2 Thou hast thy love reveal'd
Beyond what prophets knew;
The holy book of truth unseal'd
To our astonish'd view.

3 We wander now no more
Where sons of darkness lead;
But truth in sacred light explore,
And wonder while we read.

4 The letter of thy word
Before we hardly knew:

And in our awful darkness, Lord,
Deem'd half the world untrue.

5 But now its inward sense
Is open'd to the mind;
We learn thine heav'nly doctrines thence,
And living waters find.

6 Lord, we adore thy name,
For light and truth divine!
From thee the welcome mercies came,
And be the glory thine! PROUD.

HYMN 183. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Universal Praise to the Creator.

YE angels that surround the throne,
Where your Creator's name is known,
Through all the realms above,
Your greatest skill in praising try,
And all your golden harps employ,
To sing creating love.

2 But you the children of his love,
Who have been call'd to mount above,
From sin and sorrow too:
Let angels to your songs give place,
For you can sing redeeming grace,
Your song is always new.

3 And may we not, who still lay here,
With joy and triumph lend an ear,
And humbly try to sing,
Though darkly through a glass we see,
Each of us cry, "he dy'd for me,
Adored be my King."

4 But when we take the sacred book,
And at each precious promise look
Of universal grace;
'Tis here the joyful day we view,
When the poor Gentile with the Jew,
Shall see his Saviour's face.

5 Then may all Adam's fallen race,
As fellow-heirs of this same grace,
And branches of one vine,
In one eternal song conspire,
To praise the Lamb, our soul's desire,
When all their brethren join.

HYMN 184. C. M.

Light shining out of Darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds, you so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. COWPER.

HYMN 185. C. M.

Praise to the Lord for constant Preservation.

THOU great all-knowing, present God,
Where'er I stay or rove,
I am surrounded still by thee,
Encircled with thy love.

2 When in the paths of vice I trod,
Nor fear'd thy holy Name,
Thou wast my all-supporting God,
Thy hand preserv'd my frame.

3 Still, Lord, thy hand my life defends;
My life I owe to thee;
Thy mercy all my way attends,
Thy love abounds to me.

4 Where'er I am, I am thy care,
Thy dealings all are love;
And thine intention to prepare
My soul for heav'n above.

5 My God, my Saviour, guides me still
In all his righteous ways;
Daily may I perform his will
Each moment live in praise.

PROUP.

HYMN 186. L. M.

The Holy Supper.

WHAT wonders hath Jehovah wrought,
How great the price by which we're bought,
The all of love and truth divine
In our redemption sweetly join.

2 The beams of love descend, and bring
Ten thousand blessings from our King;
While rays of glorious truth and light
Unveil his glories to our sight.

3 Thy love exceeds our highest praise,
And all the songs that angels raise;
How then shall we attempt to sing
The boundless goodness of our King!

4 Dear Lord, had we ten thousand tongues,
And notes beyond the angel's songs;
Still we should fail, nor could make known
The nameless mercies of thy throne. PROUD.

HYMN 187. Sevens Metre.

The Harmony of Praise.

THOU, who sitt'st enthron'd above!
Thou, in whom we live and move!
Thou who art most great, most high!
God, from all eternity!

2 O how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis when tongue and heart consent,
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of ev'ning rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sov'reign Ruler! mighty Lord!

4 Decks the spring with flow'rs the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

5 Sov'reign Ruler! mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings! we
Pour the grateful song to thee. SANDYS.

HYMN 188. C. M.

The Seasons ordained by God.

THE rolling year, Almighty Lord!
Obeys thy powerful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God.

2 Wak'd by thy voice, out steps the spring,
In living green new drest;
On hills, in vales, through fields and groves,
Thy beauties stand confest.

3 The sun calls forth the summer months,
Nor do the hours delay;
The fruits with varied colours glow
Beneath his rip'ning ray.

4 Thy bounty, Lord! in autumn shines,
And spreads a common feast;
He that regards his fav'rite, man,
Will not neglect the beast.

5 When winter rears his hoary head,
And shows his furrow'd brow,
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows,
How awful, Lord, art thou!

6 The rolling year, Almighty Lord!
Obeys thy pow'rful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 189. L. M.

Seed-time and Harvest.

THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.

3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend
And through the ridges gently flow,

Soft on the springing corn descend ;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around !
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

6 Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain ;
There plenty ev'ry charm displays ;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 190. L. M.

Autumnal Hymn.

GREAT God ! at whose all-pow'rful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest !
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest !

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys ;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.

5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise to yield
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.

6 Indulgent God ! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see—we taste—let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

HYMN 191. Sevens Metre.

The divine Majesty and Power.

SING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to heaven's eternal King;
Power and strength to him assign,
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.

2 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;
Hush'd to silence while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.

3 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play;
And the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.

4 He the swelling surge commands;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands;
He his people shall increase,
And with safety crown, and peace. MERRICK.

HYMN 192. L. M.

The Glory of God.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty, the Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bade planets roll, and suns to shine:
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still, restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This humble dwelling-place of worms. WATTS.

HYMN 193. C. M.

The Condescension of God.

AMIDST the heav'nly pow'rs sublime
God's throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity he hears
The praises of the sky.

2 Yet, looking down, he visits oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourns,
'Tis his delight to dwell:

3 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer;
And from the bed of dust, the man
Of contrite heart to rear.

4 With him dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race:
The souls which he has form'd, shall find
A refuge in his grace. *Edinburgh Coll.*

HYMN 194. L. M.

The Condescension of God to Human Affairs.

TH' Almighty stoops to view the skies,
And bows to see what angels do;
Yet down to earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.

2 He over-rules all human things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 In vain might earthly monarchs try
Such condescending schemes to plan;
For man was never rais'd so high
Above his meanest fellow-man.

4 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To heav'n our grateful songs should rise,
And list'ning angels learn thy praise. WATTS.

HYMN 195. L. M.

The Majesty of God.

YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.

2 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round:
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.

3 Join'd with the living, let the dead
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

4 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great God! to thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 196. C. M.

Universal presence of God.

MY heart and all my ways, O God!
By thee are search'd and seen;
My outward acts thine eye observes,
My secret thoughts within.

2 Attendant on my steps, all day
Thy providence I see;
And in the solitude of night
I'm present still with thee.

3 No spot the boundless realms of space
Whence thou art absent, know;
In heav'n thou reign'st a glorious King,
An awful Judge below.

4 Lord! if within my thoughtless heart
Thou aught should'st disapprove,
The secret evil bring to light,
And by thy grace remove.

5 If e'er my ways have been perverse,
Or foolish in thy view,
Recal my steps to thy commands,
And form my life anew. ARBUCKLE.

HYMN 197. L. M.

God's Omniscience and Omnipresence.

FATHER of all! omniscient mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?

2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

3 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

4 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in every vital part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.

6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow. BLACKLOCK.

HYMN 198. C. M.

The Ways of the Righteous known to God.

TO thee, my God! my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die:
Lord, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh!

HYMN 199. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Delighting in Divine Goodness.

PARENT of good! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine:
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heav'n itself that's good or fair,
But is entirely thine.

2 Immensely high thy glories rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.

3 To thee my warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall;
I pant for nought beneath the skies,
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All!

4 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God! through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath,
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore. FAWCET.

HYMN 200. C. M.

The Goodness and Mercy of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name. WATTS.

HYMN 201. L. M.

God the intellectual Light.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above,
The unchanging Source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 *Let there be light*, Jehovah said;
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre, shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God! with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
There be thy brighter beams reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 Thine image, on my soul impress'd,
In radiant lines shall stand confess'd;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 202. C. M.

The Being, Omnipresence and Providence of God.

GREAT God, how vast is thine abode!
Mysterious are thy ways!
Unseen thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.

2 Yet the whole peopled world bespeaks
Thy being and thy pow'r
'Midst the resplendent blaze of day,
And awful midnight hour.

3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains,
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns.

4 Tempests and storms that sweep the sky,
And cataracts sublime;
Volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes,
That waste the torrid clime;

5 Vast caverns deep, and cloud-topt hills
Huge mountains rude and bare,
Terrific rocks and swelling waves—
Thy grandeur all declare.

6 Through all creation's widest range
The hand of heaven is near:
Where'er I wander in the world,
Lo! God is present there. JERVIS.

HYMN 203. L. P. M.

God's government is Zion's joy.

YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honours of his name;
'Jehovah reigns,' be all your song,
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns;
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

2 Ye princes, boast no more your crown,
But lay thy glittering trifle down
In lowly honour at his feet;
A span your narrow empire bounds;
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd, like your slaves, of brittle clay;
Down to the dust your sceptres bend;
To everlasting years He reigns,
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

4 So shall his favour'd Zion live;
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her Sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
And endless pow'r and endless love
Insure her safety and her joy. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 204. C. M.

God no Respecter of persons.

WITH eye impartial, heaven's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp his eye can charm,
Nor wealth his favour bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay
His pow'rful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish ev'ry fear;
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 205. L. M.

The Bounty of Providence improved.

FATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,

Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, reject thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoy'd in all. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 206. S. M.

God's distinguishing Goodness to Man.

O LORD! our heav'nly King!
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works above
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, fair queen of night,
In peerless splendour rise;

3 When I survey the stars
That fill the vaulted sky,
Lord! what is man that he should stand
In thy regard so high?

4 Or what the son of man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While subject beasts obey;
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise. WATTS

HYMN 207. S. M.

The Heavenly Shepherd.

WHILE God my Father's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

5 Great Shepherd! if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 208. C. M.

God's Condescension in becoming the Shepherd of Men.

AND will the majesty of Heav'n
Accept us for his sheep;
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such worthless creatures keep?

2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade?

3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?

4 What thanks can mortal men repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine?

5 Eternal God! how mean we are!
How richly gracious thou!
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 209. L. M.

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

THEY that have made their refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.

2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread,
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.

3 If vapour with malignant breath
Rise thick and scatter midnight-death,
Still they are safe: the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and death are blest.

5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrow set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord! to thee. WATTS.

HYMN 210. L. M.

God the Protector of Innocence.

THINE is the throne, beneath thy reign,
Great King of kings! the tribes profane
Behold their dream of conquest o'er,
And vanish, to be seen no more.

2 What eyes like thine, Eternal Sire!
Thro' sin's dark mazes can inquire?
What hand, like thine, to virtue's foes
Such awful judgments can oppose?

3 The meek observer of thy laws
To thee commits his injur'd cause:
In thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherless a father find.

4 Thou, Lord! thy servants' wish canst read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed:
'Tis thine, the drooping heart to cheer,
To wipe away the starting tear;

5 To vindicate the suff'rer's cause,
To rescue from oppression's jaws,
To curb the haughty tyrant's will
And bid the sons of pride be still. MERRICK.

HYMN 211. 4 7's, and 2 10's Metre.

Waiting for Morning. *Ps.* xxx.

LONG and mournful is the night,
Mental night of gloomy fear:
Source of comfort, source of light,
When, O when wilt thou appear!
Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart,
And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.

2 Morning of that glorious day,
Which the blest enjoy above,
Where with full unclouded ray
Shines thine everlasting love:
Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode,
O happy world! fair paradise of God!

3 Thither if the heart aspire,
Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain?
Shall the breathings of desire
Rise with unavailing pain?
O thou, my guide, my solace, and my rest!
In this sad desart shall I rove unblest?

4 Not in vain aspires the heart,
That depends on thee alone;

Light and joy thou wilt impart,
Radiant dawn of bliss unknown
Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing,
Till from thy smile celestial morning spring. STEELE.

HYMN 212. L. P. M.

Works of Creation and Providence. *Ps.* xxxiii.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves:
His word the heavenly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place
In the vast storehouse of the deep;
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age. WATTS.

HYMN 213. L. M.

Instructions of Piety. *Ps.* xxxiv.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parent's hope, your parent's joy!
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit. WATTS.

HYMN 214. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Deliverance and Protection. *Ps.* xl.

WITH patient hope my God I sought;
He to his suppliant's want his thought
In happiest hour applied:
He from the dark and miry pit,
High on the rock has rais'd my feet;
Nor fear my steps to slide.

2 His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a song
In strains unheard before.
Admiring crowds his work shall see,
Their strength on him repose with me,
With me his name adore.

3 Blest, who in thee, great God! confide,
Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
And helps that but betray.
Thy mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
Nor numbers can their sum recount,
Nor words that worth display.

4 With strong desire my bosom glows
Thy truth and mercy to disclose,
In man's relief display'd:
O! let that truth dispel my wo,
That mercy, Lord, around me throw
Its all protecting shade. MERRICK.

HYMN 215. C. M.

Absence from God *Ps.* xliii.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine!

5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy! MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 216. L. M.

God unchangeably good. *Ps.* lxxvi.

THIS God is the God we adore,
The faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end.

2 'Tis he is the first and the last,
Whose hand shall conduct us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come. TOPLADY's *Coll.*

HYMN 217. Six, Six, and Four Metre.

Solemn Invocation. *Ps.* cviii.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heav'n and earth ador'd,
Our pray'r attend,
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend!

3 Be thou our comforter;
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Omnipotent thou art:
Then rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Pow'r!

4 O holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore!
Thy sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

HYMN 218. Tens Metre.

Idolatry reproved. *Ps.* cxv.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name;
Shine through the earth, from heav'n thy blest abode;
Nor let the heathen say, where is your God!

2 Heav'n is thy higher court; there stands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done!
God fram'd this earth; the starry heavens he spread;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say,
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they;

O christian, trust the Lord; he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace;
His worship does a thousand comforts yield;
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield. WATTS.

HYMN 219. C. M.

Prudence. *Ps.* cxx.

O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
The man of prudent heart!
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and war begin
In little angry souls;
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals!

3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
No furious passions rise;
Nor malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good. WATTS.

HYMN 220. C. M.

Victory from God. *Ps.* cxxiv.

HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conqu'ring foes:

2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land,

Destroy'd on earth his bless'd abode,
And whelm'd our feeble band.

3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bare the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare:
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the heavens above:
He that supports their wond'rous frame,
Can guard his church by love. MRS. BARBAULD.

HYMN 221. Fives and Six Metre.

Thanksgiving. *Ps.* cxlix.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their king.

2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies:

Their loud acclamations run,
To him their great king, ending,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies. age.

4 Ye angels above,
His glories who've sung
In strains more exalted,
Now publish his praise:
We mortals delighted,
Would borrow your tongue:
Would join in your numbers,
And chaunt to your lays. TATE *and* BRADY.

HYMN 222. C. M.

Design of God's Works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To our almighty God;
He has our heart, and he our tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to know thy name?

5 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will. WATTS.

Destroy'd on … ns Metre.

And w… uardian.

3 But … our guardian and guide;
… ll kindly provide;
… his mercies abound,
… flock will surround.

… ; what then shall we fear?
… n us while he is near?
… s us to walk through the vale
… th, shall our hearts ever fail.

3 Though … urselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and … aff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;
His name will we praise while we have any breath,
Be content all our life, and resign'd in our death.

BYROM.

HYMN 224. 4 Tens and 2 Elevens Metre.

The never-ceasing Goodness of God.

HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name;
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending;
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

2 His goodness never fails; the dawn, the shade
Still see new bounties through new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God,
The deathless soul, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

3 Burst into praise, our souls! all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine:
While human years are measur'd by the sun,

Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 225. 4 Six and 4 Fives Metre.

The Father of Mercy.

O FATHER of mercy,
The hearer of prayer!
To thy creatures' request
Bow propitious thine ear!

2 The voice from the dust,
The soft-rising sigh,
The prayer of the heart,
The uplifted eye—

3 Are grateful to thee,
An offering meet,
Than roses of Sharon
More fragrant and sweet.

4 As the orient sun
Chasing darkness away,
Dawns bright in the east
And kindles the day—

5 So hope's cheering beam
From the fountain of light,
Is diffus'd through the soul
In affliction's dark night.

6 If then my heart droop,
Let me never repine;—
But O may this God,
This kind Father—be mine! JERVIS.

HYMN 226. Eights and Sevens Metre.

The God of Mercy adored.

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy:
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy;

2 What eyes like thine, Eternal Sire!
Thro' sin's dark mazes can inquire?
What hand, like thine, to virtue's foes
Such awful judgments can oppose?

3 The meek observer of thy laws
To thee commits his injur'd cause:
In thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherless a father find.

4 Thou, Lord! thy servants' wish canst read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed:
'Tis thine, the drooping heart to cheer,
To wipe away the starting tear;

5 To vindicate the suff'rer's cause,
To rescue from oppression's jaws,
To curb the haughty tyrant's will
And bid the sons of pride be still. MERRICK.

HYMN 211. 4 7's, and 2 10's Metre.

Waiting for Morning. *Ps.* xxx.

LONG and mournful is the night,
Mental night of gloomy fear:
Source of comfort, source of light,
When, O when wilt thou appear!
Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart,
And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.

2 Morning of that glorious day,
Which the blest enjoy above,
Where with full unclouded ray
Shines thine everlasting love:
Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode,
O happy world! fair paradise of God!

3 Thither if the heart aspire,
Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain?
Shall the breathings of desire
Rise with unavailing pain?
O thou, my guide, my solace, and my rest!
In this sad desart shall I rove unblest?

4 Not in vain aspires the heart,
That depends on thee alone;

Light and joy thou wilt impart,
Radiant dawn of bliss unknown
Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing,
Till from thy smile celestial morning spring. STEELE.

HYMN 212. L. P. M.

Works of Creation and Providence. *Ps.* xxxiii.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves:
His word the heavenly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place
In the vast storehouse of the deep;
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age. WATTS.

HYMN 213. L. M.

Instructions of Piety. *Ps.* xxxiv.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parent's hope, your parent's joy!
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies!
And then on faith's triumphant wings
To endless glory rise. EMERSON's *Coll.*

HYMN 230. Sevens Metre.

Freedom from Error, Guilt, and Folly.

BLEST instructor! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude:

2 So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee;
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 Taught by thee thy servant's breast
Joys the blessings to attest;
Heap'd on those whose hearts sincere
Learn thy precepts to revere.
While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,

Blest Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God my strength! propitious hear. MERRICK.

HYMN 231. 4 Six, and 4 Four Metre.

The Birth of Christ proclaimed by Angels.

HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See! how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join,
Fear not, say they,
Great joy we bring;
Jesus, your king,
Is born to day.

3 He comes from error's night
Your wand'ring feet to save;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the grave.
This glorious morn,
(Let all attend!)
Your matchless friend,
Your Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound!
For peace on earth,
From God in heav'n,
To man is giv'n,
At Jesus' birth. SALISBURY Coll.

HYMN 232. Hallelujah Metre.

Fruitful Showers, emblems of the effects of the Gospel.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven whence it fell,
It turns not back again:
But waters earth through ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 So saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down to millions more.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 233. Six Line Long Metre.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

WE love the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way:
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray;
Thy promise leads our hearts to rest.

2 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw;
These are our study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, subdues our sin,
And gives a free, but large, reward. WATTS.

HYMN 234. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

The Pleasures of Benevolence.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
We taste a joy sincere;
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

2 By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tear to stay,
To teach the blind the smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

3 O God of love! with pious care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence our soul,
And make us wholly thine. BLACKLOCK.

HYMN 235. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Tranquillity and Contentment.

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
The world has little to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow;
Our bliss begins at home.

2 To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:

This, gracious God! is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

3 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

4 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death. COTTON.

HYMN 236. L. M.

He shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd. *Isa.* xl. 10, 11.

STRONG is thine hand, Almighty King,
Thy potent arm shall rule for thee;
Salvation, 'tis thy work to bring,
And thy rewards are rich and free.

2 Like a kind shepherd thou wilt feed
Thy flock, in pastures green and fair;
To crystal fountains wilt them lead,
And for them ev'ry good prepare.

3 Thine arm shall bear the tender lambs,
And thy soft bosom shall them warm;
Gently will lead the teeming dams,
And shelter from the wind and storm.

4 Lord, how secure thy folds may rest,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing;
In safety lean upon thy breast,
While all thy saints thy praises sing. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 237. C. M.

A King shall reign in Righteousness. *Is.* xxxii. 1, 2, 3.

JESUS, our King, his sceptre sways,
In righteousness divine;
Princes, in judgment, 'tend his ways,
And glories in him shine.

2 This man shall be our hiding place,
A covert from the storm;
And by the riches of his grace
Secure from ev'ry harm.

3 As in a dry and barren place,
Rivers of water flow;
Jesus the riches of his grace,
Makes fainting mortals know.

4 As a tall shadow of a rock,
Within a weary land,
Is Jesus to his fainting flock;
He guards them with his hand.

5 Clearness of light he will bestow,
Our dimness take away;
And make us all his goodness know
In an eternal day.

6 There we shall hear the joyful sound,
Salvation in the Lord;
And on the fair celestial ground,
Our thankful songs record. H. Ballou.

HYMN 238. L. M.

The Coming of Christ, or the true Light.

BEHOLD the long expected light!
'Tis Jacob's star, and Jesse's root!
The sun itself is not so bright;
Nor bears a tree such heavenly fruit.

2 With spreading glories, lo! he comes,
And gloomy darkness flies apace;
He's brighter than ten thousand suns,
With beams of mercy in his face.

3 Sin, now condemn'd, shall cease to be,
The righteous Judge shall bear the sway;
Shall sinners set from bondage free,
And take iniquity away.

4 Roll on, thou glorious Star of light,
Display thy matchless grace abroad;
And chase the darkness of our night,
And bring the nations home to God. H. Ballou.

HYMN 239. Hallelujah Metre.

The Kingdom of Christ and its attendant Glories.

COME, sing a Saviour's power,
And praise his mighty name;
His wond'rous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.
Wide o'er the world, a King shall reign;
And righteousness and peace maintain.

2 The sceptre of his grace,
He shall for ever wield;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield.
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguil'd, betray'd;
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made.
Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
By lib'ral things upheld;
And from his bounteous hand,
All hearts with joy be fill'd.
An universe with praise shall own
The countless honours of his throne. Turner.

HYMN 240. S. M.

The sound of the Gospel trumpet to a perishing sinful world: Collected from sundry Texts.

HEAR what a Saviour's voice
To sinners doth proclaim,
"O all ye ransom'd souls, rejoice,
In your Redeemer's name!"

2 Where sin and death have reign'd,
And all their power employ'd;
There is his truth and light maintain'd,
And heav'nly truth enjoy'd.

3 The needy starving poor
Are fill'd with living bread;
The op'ning of the prison door
Proclaims the captive freed.

4 The thirsty panting soul,
That longs for springs of grace,
Beholds celestial waters roll,
And floods of righteousness.

5 My God, my Saviour too,
I would thy love proclaim;
Partake of what is brought to view,
And sing thy glorious name. TURNER.

HYMN 241. L. M.

The Lord is my Shepherd. *Ps.* xxviii.

THE Lord our shepherd feeds his flock,
And shades them with his tow'ring rock;
Our God provides each heavenly good,
And fills our souls with lasting food.

2 Where pastures grow in living green,
And spread a rich and flowing scene;
There do we rest, when toil o'ercomes,
Inhaling all the sweet perfumes.

3 Where waters of salvation flow,
To cheer the humble vale below,

There doth our Shepherd kindly guide,
And for our parching thirst provide.

4 When from this fold we ever stray,
He marks our wand'ring devious way;
Reclaims our souls to blissful rest,
And brings us leaning on his breast.

5 The tender lambs, too prone to trace
The path of sin's dark wilderness;
He gathers safely with his arm,
And, in his bosom, shields from harm.

6 Shepherd and Bishop of my soul,
O make thy wounded servant whole!
Continue all thy gifts of love,
Till I shall reach thy fold above. TURNER.

HYMN 242. S. M.

Blessings of the Gospel.

RIVERS from Jesus flow,
And bright prophetic streams;
There trees of life immortal grow,
And light effulgent beams.

2 Leaves from those trees shall heal
The nations of their wo;
Sinners the living balsam feel,
And up to Zion go.

3 Thus from the house of God,
Waters were seen to flow;
And like the all-atoning blood,
Give health where'er they go.

4 Behold the spicy hills,
And ever-living groves!
Their pleasant fruit the hungry fills,
And truth spontaneous grows. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 243. C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

MAY sacred heat inspire my tongue,
And ev'ry grace impart;
With golden numbers fill my song,
And animate my heart.

2 Of the eternal fair I sing,
Jerusalem above;
Zion, the city of our King,
Where dwells immortal love.

3 Behold! her walls are great and high,
(Salvation of the Lord)
Her gates the *word* of prophecy,
And open is the *word*.

4 From north and south, from east and west,
Shall all the nations come;
And find in her immortal rest,
And an eternal home.

5 On emblematic stones she stands,
Where ev'ry grace is found;
Rais'd by the great Jehovah's hands,
And on Immanuel's ground.

6 She like a *jasper stone* most bright,
Reflects her cheering rays;
In her there is no gloom of night,
But one eternal blaze.

7 Of her the Holy One hath said,
(And faithful is his word)
Her seed shall bruise the serpent's head;
This seed is *Christ the Lord.*

8 Thus the male and female one,
"*The Lord our righteousness;*"
The Covenant and Living Son,
In whom the world is blest. H. Ballou.

HYMN 244. Eights Metre.

The call of Zion, and the exhibition of her glory: Collected from various Scriptures.

ARISE from thy wilderness state,
Thou Zion, belov'd of the Lord,
And deck'd in thy majesty great,
Shine forth as the precious restor'd.
Long time hast thou wandered forlorn,
Forsaken, and greatly despis'd;
The garments of sorrow hast worn,
Nor the love of thy God realiz'd.

2 Now clothe thee with raiment of light
On thy head wear a crown of pure gold:
Thy radiant effulgence so bright,
Thy enemies cannot behold.
From the dust of the earth thou shalt rise,
Renew'd in the vigour of youth;
Thus the captive, with pleasing surprise,
Hears the ransoming language of truth.

3 Deliver'd to bondage for nought,
Where tyrants thy steps have pursu'd;
Thou shalt, without money, be bought,
Thy Saviour, thy thraldoms hath view'd.
Thy Maker, thy Husband, thy King,
Shall lead thee to mansions of rest;
And a numerous retinue bring,
To welcome his bride to his breast. TURNER.

HYMN 245. C. M.

Confidence in God.

WHY thus dejected, O my soul!
Why thus cast down with fear?
If floods of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Is no deliv'rer near?

2 Hope thou in God, and in him trust,
And send thy fears away;
He is both merciful and just;
Nor can his love decay.

3 My soul, thy highest notes of praise
To thy deliv'rer sing;
And in thy sweetest anthems raise
The honours of thy King.

4 Thy health, thy beauty, and thy pow'r,
Is God, thy gracious friend;
Then, O my soul! thy God adore,
Who doth salvation send. H. Ballou.

HYMN 246. L. M.

We are all the Offspring of our God. *Acts* xvii. 28.

WE are the offspring of our God;
All nations, made of the same blood,
Are children of his matchless grace,
Thro' Adam's vast and countless race.

2 The Greek and Jew are one by faith;
Christ is the head, th' apostle saith:
All men are brethren in the Lord,
And heirs of his eternal word.

3 Let God be worshipp'd and ador'd;
He is our Saviour and our Lord:
Nor let our honours e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made.

4 Deliver'd now from sin's dark night,
Our eyes behold a heavenly light;
The Lord will on his Zion rise,
And raise his offspring to the skies. H. Ballou.

HYMN 247. C. M.

There is no Peace to the Wicked.

NO peace my starving soul can find
In sin's deceitful way;
No pleasant fruits to cheer the mind,
Nor light a single ray.

2 A guilty conscience gnaws within,
And I am drown'd with grief;
My soul abhors that monster, sin,
Dear Saviour! grant relief.

3 O, why should men in sin remain?
Why walk the tiresome way?
Lord, may each sinner grace obtain,
And go no more astray.

4 Hast thou not promis'd in thy word,
That sin shall finish'd be?
Fulfil thy testimonies, Lord,
And set the sinner free. H. Ballou.

HYMN 248. C. M.

The innumerable Multitude. *Rev.* vii. 9, &c.

BEHOLD on Zion's heavenly shore,
A vast and shining band;
Which can't be told, nor number'd o'er,
In glorious order stand!

2 From earth's remotest bounds they came,
From tribulation great,
And, thro' the vict'ries of the Lamb,
They've reach'd the heavenly state.

3 Their robes they've wash'd in Jesus' blood
From ev'ry spot of sin;
They stand before the throne of God,
And of his mercies sing.

4 Hunger and thirst they know no more,
From burning heats refresh'd;
The Lamb shall feed them from his store,
And give them endless rest.

5 To living streams of heavenly joy
Jesus shall lead his flock;
To drink fresh draughts in their employ,
From Christ, th' Eternal Rock.

6 God all their tears shall wipe away,
And they his wonders tell;
While in his temple they shall stay,
And God with them shall dwell. H. Ballou.

HYMN 249. L. M.

Universal Worship. *Rev.* v. 13.

BEHOLD! the visions brighter grow,
Beyond what beasts, or elders know;
They wond'ring stand with sweet delight,
While glories beam upon their sight!

2 Jesus the pow'r of grace displays,
The four-and-twenty stand and gaze,
While all the sons of Adam's loin,
Now to the gospel grace resign.

3 From heaven and earth, and from the sea,
The mighty hosts assembled be;
And with one voice are heard to sing
The glories of their heav'nly King.

4 Now beasts and elders both unite
To make his praises their delight:
The vision saith this sweet employ
Shall fill the universe with joy. H. Ballou.

HYMN 250. S. M.

The Day of Rest.

IN songs of highest praise,
We shout the day divine;
Which, dawning now with heav'nly rays,
Shall soon with lustre shine.

2 Dark clouds shall pass away,
And light shall fast increase,
Till us the pow'r of perfect day
From darkness shall release.

3 This is the day of rest,
Prefigur'd by the law;
This day shall make all nations blest,
This day the prophets saw.

4 This day shall finish sin,
(Ye saints, your voices raise)
Shall gather all the outcasts in,
To sing eternal praise. H. Ballou.

HYMN 251. L. M.

Praise.

NOW to the Lord who built the skies
Let grateful songs of praise arise;
By all that dwell beneath the sun,
Now be his grace in concert sung.

2 Far as the rolling planets move
He spreads his mercy and his love;
Thro' ev'ry land, and ev'ry clime,
His wond'rous works of goodness shine.

3 So let his goodness be express'd,
From north to south, from east to west,
And ev'ry living thing adore
His name, while sun and moon endure. S. STREETER.

HYMN 252. C. M.

The same.

JOIN ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The vict'ries of his grace!

2 Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercy known;
To ev'ry soul through ev'ry land
He sends his blessings down.

3 So let his sweetest praises sound,
By all, through ev'ry clime;
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine. S. STREETER.

HYMN 253. S. M.

The same.

A JOYFUL song to God
Now let our voices raise;
His wond'rous works and boundless love
Do well demand our praise.

2 He gives us wholesome food
And richest draughts of wine;

A[illegible] [illegible]eagu'd in baleful strife,
[illegible] [illegible]nforts cruel war;
[illegible] [illegible]rb our life.
3 So[illegible] [illegible]ous jar.
Wi[illegible] [illegible]'s coast,
Then t[illegible] [illegible]
Whic[illegible] [illegible]

HYMN 255

The Voice of Peace

SEE, from the [illegible]
On flying [illegible]
Thro' di[illegible]
And [illegible]

HYMN [illegible]

172

I SING t[illegible]
When Ch[illegible]
His wond'rous [illegible]
And conquer'd [illegible]
They prost[illegible]
And humbly o[illegible] [illegible]alone
Is *all in all.*

2 The Saviour Christ must reign
Till all his foes submit;
And, being freed from pain,
Shall worship at his feet;
Shall prostrate fall,
And humbly own, that God alone
Is *all in all.*

3 Then death itself shall die,
And life triumphant reign;
No more shall sinners sigh
In darkness, guilt and pain.
Prostrate they fall
And humbly own, that God alone
Is *all in all.*

4 Then Christ shall subject be
To him who reigns above;
And ev'ry creature see
Complete in heav'nly love:
Shall prostrate fall,
And humbly own, that God alone
Is *all in all.*

KNEELAND.

HYMN 255. L. M.

The Voice of Peace to the troubled Spirit.

SEE, from the ark, the mystic dove,
On flying pinions, takes her way,
Thro' distant regions prone to move,
And view the wonders of the day.

2 Lo, she returns and seeks her rest,
And brings the olive branch of peace;
Thus are the cheerless mourners blest,
The tidings all their hopes increase.

3 So we, upon this ocean wide,
This boist'rous and perturbed state,
Where sin besets, and woes betide:
Nor we observe the floods abate.

4 Then does the Spirit's witness show
A source of love, a fount of grace;
A Saviour's goodness makes us know,
And points to God our righteousness.

5 Celestial *messenger of joy!*
Speed on thy way to this sad heart;
Bring with thee peace, without alloy,
And never from my soul depart. TURNER.

HYMN 256. L. M.

The Soul's Anticipation of future Bliss.

BEAR me, ye spirits of the blest,
To Zion's bow'rs of joy and peace;
Where all is love and heav'nly rest,
And holy anthems never cease.

2 Take me upon your wings, and fly;
Your lively pinions, hope and faith,
Nor stop, till far above the sky,
I rise, a conqu'ror over death.

3 Here in this world of sin and wo,
I groan in bondage, toil, and pain;
Where'er with wand'ring steps I go,
On earth, for bliss, my search is vain.

4 Here passions, leagu'd in baleful strife,
Wage with our comforts cruel war;
Hatred and wrath disturb our life.
Join'd in the rude tempestuous jar.

5 Above such scenes, on Canaan's coast,
A rapt'rous prospect cheers the soul;
Where discord, wrath, and strife are lost,
And seas of bliss ecstatic roll.

6 Sweet heavenly fields their bloom display;
No root of bitterness is found;
The sun of love shines all the day,
And spreads a joyful scene around.

7 Then bear me, spirits of the blest,
On faith and hope's most lively wing,
To Zion's bow'rs of heavenly rest,
Where I may holy anthems sing. TURNER.

HYMN 257. L. M.

For the Annual Convention.

DEAR Lord, behold thy servants here,
From various parts together meet,
To tell their labours thro' the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.

2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
We've toil'd and wrought with watchful care;
Thy wheat doth flourish by thy word,
Thy love consumes the choaking tare.

3 The reapers cry the fields are white,
And ready to be gather'd in;
The lab'rer shouts with sweet delight,
This is the day to finish sin.

4 Ripe clusters on the vines appear,
We've flagons too of richest wine;
O come, dear Saviour, meet us here,
And crown the banquet all divine.

5 O bless us while we here remain,
With holy love thy servants fill;

O may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil.

6 While we attend thy church's care,
O grant us wisdom from above;
With cautious steps, and humble prayer,
May we fulfil the works of love.

HYMN 258. Double Long Metre.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It made my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storms and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and forevermore,
It is the Star of Bethlehem. H. K. White.

HYMN 259. C. M.

Divine Love.

THY presence, Lord, gives pure delight,
Our sorrows takes away,
Dispels the darkness of our night,
And spreads effulgent day.

2 Like water to the thirsty soul
Are flowings of thy love,
Thy spirit sways with soft control,
And bears our thoughts above.

3 Why should we then decline from thee?
In search of folly rove?
Or strive to set our passions free
From the soft bands of love?

4 Extend around thy loving arms,
Infold us in thy breast,
Where, captives to resistless charms,
Our wavering souls may rest.

5 Raise in our breasts a quick'ning zeal,
That faith which works by love;
And to our strengthen'd eyes reveal
Our life in Christ above. H. Ballou.

HYMN 260. L. M.

Christ the Light and Life of the World.

BEHOLD the light! now see it rise,
How fast it spreads! fills earth and skies,
Whilst night and darkness flee apace,
Before the Saviour's day of grace.

2 The sun's bright beam shall now expire
In brighter rays and warmer fire;
Nature, regenerate and pure,
Shall rise to glory, and endure.

3 No winter shall these climes annoy,
No chilling blasts young buds destroy;
The tree of life its fruit shall yield,
And dying man, of death be heal'd.

4 Seraphic raptures swell the theme,
And joys bewilder like a dream;
Then wait, my soul, the perfect day;
Yet walk the bright, the shining way. H. Ballou.

HYMN 261. C. M.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre
Awake, each charming string.

2 Awake, and let thy flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst the silent orbs
The silver moon rolls clear:

3 While all the glitt'ring, starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky;
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye.

4 Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake, each charming string;
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

5 Thou, round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A vast and sable veil;
Which all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

6 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn;
And paint, with cheerful splendour gay,
The fair ascending morn.

7 And, as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews;
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.

8 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee
With early incense bring;
And, ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

HYMN 262. C. M.

Thanksgiving for manifold Blessings. *Ps.* xviii. 46—50.

JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By ev'ry heart ador'd!
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord!

3 He is our Rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our Deliv'rer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
Makes ev'ry soul in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

5 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise:
We'll spread his power and mercy round,
And songs of honour raise. PROUD.

HYMN 263. C. M.

Unbounded Goodness.

IMMORTAL Fountain of my life,
My last, my noblest end;
Eternal centre of my soul,
Where all its motions tend.

2 Thou object of my dearest love,
My heavenly paradise,
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My everlasting bliss.

3 My God, my hope, my vast reward,
And all I would possess;
Still more than these pathetic names
And charming words express.

HYMN 264. L. M.

Celebration of the Lord. *Is.* xii.

THE joyful happy day appears,
Jehovah dries his Zion's tears!
He comes to bless the humble race,
And show the wonders of his grace.

2 Great God, my praise shall rise to thee,
Thy seeming anger's turn'd from me;
My comforts now thou wilt restore,
And weeping Zion weep no more.

3 Behold our God, the mighty God,
Who spread the num'rous worlds abroad,
Is our salvation; we rejoice,
And praise his name with cheerful voice.

4 We'll trust in him, nor be afraid,
Jehovah is our fortress made;
He is our strength, his arm is strong,
And we'll exalt him in our song.

5 Wells of salvation open stand,
And living waters bless the land;
And while we draw, with joys divine,
Our grateful praises, Lord, are thine. PROUD.

HYMN 265. Tens and Elevens Metre.

Adoration of God's Greatness, Mercy, &c. *Ps.* cxiv. 1 to 8.

THY name we extol, Jehovah our King,
Forever in thee we'll triumph and sing;
From morning to ev'ning thy goodness we'll praise,
And while we have being thy honour we'll raise.

2 How great is the Lord! no tongue can make known
The infinite God, eternal his throne;
And great be his praises, by all be they giv'n,
By men and by angels, on earth and in heav'n.

3 The works of his hand declare his vast might;
His terrible acts are holy and right;
His truth and his justice are seen in his ways,
And his mighty wonders demand highest praise.

4 His goodness and truth how rich do they prove!
No anger he bears, his nature is love;
To all he is tender, and good doth impart:
To him will we render the praise of the heart. PROUD.

HYMN 266. L. M.

The voice of Nature.

THE lofty pillars of the sky,
And spacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray:
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn.
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine." ADDISON
altered.

HYMN 267. C. M.

God's Providence and Care of his Children. *Ps.* cxlvii. 1—3

'TIS good to praise Jehovah's name,
And of his mercy sing;
To speak of his eternal fame,
And celebrate our King.

2 Sweet is the work to sing and tell
The goodness of the Lord;
How we by love are rais'd from hell,
And by the truth restor'd.

3 'Tis pleasant to exalt our God,
Who gathers outcasts in,
And sends his love and truth abroad
To heal the plague of sin.

4 The broken heart of deepest wound
The Lord in mercy heals;
Makes dying sinners strong and sound,
And for the wretched feels.

5 Sing to the Lord, his love declare,
My voice shall gladly join;
He saves our souls, we are his care,
His mercy is divine. PROUD.

HYMN 268. C. M.

God worshipped as our Creator. *Ps.* c. 1—5.

COME serve the Lord with love and joy,
And in his presence sing;
Cheerful your hearts and tongues employ,
The Lord alone is King,

2 He forms his church by power divine,
The work is all his own:
Let us in holy praises join
To God the Lord alone.

3 The holy gates we enter in,
And in his kingdom stand;
Releas'd from foes, and sav'd from sin,
By his Almighty hand.

4 Ye sons of Zion, rise and sing,
Who in his pastures feed;
Give praises to your sov'reign King,
For he is God indeed.

5 We are his people, and his sheep,
Our shepherd is the Lord:
He will our souls in safety keep,
And be his name ador'd. PROUD.

HYMN 269. L. M.

God's Dominion over the World, &c. *Ps.* xxiv. 7—10.

JERUSALEM, thou church divine,
In all thy heavenly beauty shine;
Thy brightest robes of glory wear,
And for thy God and King prepare.

2 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
Ye everlasting doors, give way,
The King of Zion comes to-day.

3 "Who is the King of glory? tell!"
The mighty Lord, who conquer'd hell;
Strong is his arm, divine his might,
'Tis he who put your foes to flight.

4 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
"Who is the King of glory, say,
That comes in grandeur on the way?"

5 The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Who rules his foes with iron rod.
'Tis he who your salvation brings,
Jesus the Lord, the King of kings. PROUD.

HYMN 270. C. M.

Encouragement to trust and love God.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
Who look'd to God for aid;
Desir'd success, in ev'ry face,
A cheerful air supply'd. TATE.

HYMN 271. L. P. M.

War and Peace.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him undaunted we'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre toss'd,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentle stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high;
God dwells in Zion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs
While his Almighty aid is nigh.

3 He that has God his guardian made,
Shall under his almighty shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide:
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
"He is my fortress, and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

4 His tender love, and watchful care,
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from all noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thine unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence." TATE.

HYMN 272. C. M.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

SOON will appear a brighter sky,
As homeward we go on;
All fears and foes before us fly,
And troubles all be gone.

2 The prospect opens, grand and new,
See Salem's walls arise ;
Soon shall we brighter glories view
In yonder happy skies.

3 And shall we meet in heaven above,
Before Jehovah's face ?
For ever bask in beams of love,
With all the angel race ?

4 It shall be so : let us pursue
With faithfulness our way ;
For nothing more have we to do,
But love, believe, obey.

5 O happy church ! lift up your voice,
In songs of honour sing ;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King. PROUD.

HYMN 273. C. M.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r !
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light, and ev'ning shade,
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year. WATTS.

HYMN 274. C. M.

Delight in Ordinances.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays:
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still. WATTS.

HYMN 275. C. M.

Brotherly Love.

LO, what an entertaining view
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts pursue
The path to unity!

2 When streams of love from Christ, the Spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil. WATTS *altered.*

HYMN 276. Tens and Elevens Metre.

The Eternal and Sovereign God. *Ps.* xciii.

THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies,
Foaming at heaven they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world obedient to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him. WATTS.

HYMN 277. S. M.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,

'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He who redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath Sov'reign Pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known:
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son. WATTS.

HYMN 278. C. M.

The Resurrection of the Martyrs. *Rev.* vii. 13, &c.

"THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine;
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne:
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes. WATTS.

HYMN 279. S. M.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times. *Isa.* v. 2, 7, &c.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. WATTS.

HYMN 280. C. M.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope. *Ps.* lxxi. 5—9.

MY God, mine everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 New wonders, Lord, mine eyes have seen
With each revolving year;
Thou know'st the days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

4 Down to the silent vale of death
Will be my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Declare thy wond'rous love!

5 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

6 By long experience I have known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

7 When I am bury'd in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair. WATTS.

HYMN 281. L. M.

Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:

That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

4 Is he a Tree? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a Rose? not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the Lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a Vine? his heavenly Root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
An everlasting union join
Each soul to Christ, the living Vine!

7 Is he the Head? Each member lives
Upon the vital power he gives!
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

8 Is he a Star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning-Star.

9 Is he a Fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a Rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet, the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

11 Is he a Way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood!
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12 Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures, large and green!
A paradise divinely fair,
And all the sheep have freedom there.

13 Is he a Sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

14 Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and power;
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face. WATTS.

HYMN 282. C. M.

Christ the Great High Priest of our Profession.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Can half so pleasing be!

2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay:

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet and loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN 283. C. M.

God's tender Care of his Church.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion's hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicion and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

4 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame. WATTS.

HYMN 284. L. M.

Persecution.

ABSURD and vain attempt to bind
With iron chains the freeborn mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame!

2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given!
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone!

3 Mad zeal! that fills the world with wo!
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow!
That wakens vengeance to devour
The foes of antichristian power!

4 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms, but what persuasion yields.

5 By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;

And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence, which Heaven inspires.

6 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held!
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies. SCOTT.

HYMN 285. L. M.

Holy Resolution.

AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 286. S. M.

Christ the Branch of David, and the morning Star.

ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did spring,
To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,
By thy blest fruit convey'd.

3 Fair morning Star, arise!
With living glories bright;
And pour on these awak'ning eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy heavenly ray;
Shine, and our wand'ring footsteps lead
To everlasting day. DODDRIDGE *altered.*

HYMN 287. C. M.

A Pillar in the Heavenly Temple.

ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail!
I bow to thy command,
And own that David's royal key
Well fits thy sov'reign hand.

2 Open the treasures of thy love,
And shed thy gifts abroad;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.

3 There as a pillar let me stand,
On an eternal base;
Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
And polish'd by thy grace.

4 There, deep engraven, let me bear
The title of my God;
And mark the New Jerusalem,
As my secure abode.

5 In lasting characters inscribe
Thy own beloved name;
That endless ages there may read
The great Immanuel's claim. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 288. L. M.

Uncharitable Judgment.

ALL-Knowing God! tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who, among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

3 Who, with another's eye, can read!
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

4 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light;
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, fashion'd in thy mould?
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love? SCOTT.

HYMN 289. L. M.

Christ our Example.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

6 But ah, how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
We ask thy spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 290. C. M.

The New Creation.

ATTEND, whilst God's exalted Son,
Doth his own glories show;
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new!

2 Old things are wholly pass'd away,
And the first Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay;
See the new world arise!

3 I'll be a Sun of righteousness
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within!

5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;

Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world, which grace hath made,
I would forever dwell. WATTS.

HYMN 291. L. M.

Glory in the Cross.

AT thy command, our blessed Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And thy own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling its scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4 With joy, we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come. WATTS.

HYMN 292. L. M.

Temptation without and within.

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
See how thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a'num'rous host;
Awake my soul, or thou art lost!

2 See how rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires, and lusts engage;
See pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led!

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset me round;
O let me then guard ev'ry part;
But most, the traitor in my heart!

4 O teach thy servant how to wield,
Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield!
Put on the armour from above,
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell;
The tempter once thou didst subdue;
O make me more than conqu'ror too! BARBAULD.

HYMN 293. Hallelujah Metre.

The Lord's-Day Morning.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band!
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise!

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.
Th' angelick host around him bends,
And, midst their shouts, the Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosanna rings;
Whilst earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
Whilst justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou; thy foes shalt tread
And sin and death in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 294. L. M.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road;
And mortal spirits tire and faint,
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint:

3 The mighty God, whose pow'rful hand
Has matchless works of wonder done;
And shall endure, whilst endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a rich supply;
Whilst those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls will fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road. WATTS.

HYMN 295. L. M.

Benefit of Ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthlesss world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;

We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United pray'rs ascend on high;
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,
And conscience smarts with inward stings;
The Sun of righteousness shall rise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Here would our ravish'd souls abide;
Or if from heuce we must depart
Let neither life nor death divide
Our God and Saviour from our heart.

WATTS, *altered.*

HYMN 296. C. M.

Faith in the Promise of Salvation.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some lofty thing;
The mighty works, or mighty name
Of our eternal King!

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
Or sound his power abroad;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
To sinful, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an unerring pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The gracious promise shines;
Nor shall the hand of time erase
Those everlasting lines.

5 Then why these doubts and sad complaints?
If Christ and we are one,
The word extends to all the saints,
Who humbly love the Son.

6 By faith in this our souls have liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd,
We'll praise him then for grace receiv'd.
And trust him for the rest. WATTS.

HYMN 297. C. M.

The Ignorance of man.

BEHOLD the new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst and pain!
It cries to have its wants reliev'd,
But knows not to complain.

2 Such childhood yet I must confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where to seek its cure.

3 Author of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever watchful eye,
Alone, can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

4 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide!
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

5 And since, by error's force subdu'd,
My oft misguided will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

6 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, though ask'd, deny. MERRICK.

HYMN 298. S. M.

Adoption.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we shall be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon our heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own. WATTS.

HYMN 299. L. M.

The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 300. L. M.

The Presence of God mortifying us to the World.

COME, blessed Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love within our breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
Such joys as cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thy unmeasurable grace.

3 Could we but pierce the veil, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,

What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable in our eyes!

4 Great All in All, eternal King!
Could we but view thy glorious face,
Then all our pow'rs should join to sing
Thy boundless wisdom and thy grace.

5 Now to the God, whose power in heaven
And earth has works of wonder done,
Be everlasting honours given,
By all the church, through Christ his son. WATTS.

HYMN 301. L. M.

The only Living and True God. *Ps.* lxxxvi.

ETERNAL God, almighty Cause
Of earth and sea and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest:
Controll'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe,
To thee alone our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favour only makes us blest;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone. BROWN.

HYMN 302. L. M.

Preserving Goodness.

ETERNAL God, I bless thy name,
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same:
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and close, and crown the year.

2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand!
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thy arm has led me on,
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And whilst I tread this desart land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful voice, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 303. L. M.

God exalted above all Praise.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of the God,
Extended far beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve inferior rounds;

2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach its height, with wond'ring eyes.

3 Thy dazzling glory whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of thrones and pow'rs around,
Fall prostrate on the heavenly ground.

4 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do!
We would adore our Maker too;
From lowest dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

5 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And men have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But the full glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

6 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our hymns, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise is silent on our tongues. WATTS.

HYMN 304. L. M.

Preparations for Religious Worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
From flesh and sense, I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow. WATTS, *altered.*

HYMN 305. L. M.

Humility.

FOLLY builds high upon the sand;
But lowly let my basis be;
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Deep founded in humility.

2 Content, when threat'ning ills obtrude,
Sweet meek-ey'd patience, arm my soul;
And let a prudent fortitude
Teach me my passions to control.

3 My God, I long to know thee still,
To love and fear and trust thee more;
To live submissive to thy will,
And, whilst I feel thy grace, adore.

4 My faith and love, obedient be,
O Saviour, to thy just commands!
My ardent soul still follows thee,
And trusts her int'rest in thy hands.

5 Let love and mercy all divine,
Justice descending from the skies,
Kindness and truth my heart incline
Still to forgive my enemies.

6 Thus may I act the christian part,
The social, humane and divine;
Whilst a wise zeal inspires my heart,
Then shall I know that heaven is mine. SMART.

HYMN 306. L. M.*

The Excellency of the Gospel.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
And sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It guides us all our journey through,
And brings a better world to view.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye;
To life's last hour, my soul employ,
And fit me for the heavenly joy. BEDDOME.

HYMN 307. C. M.

Divine Providence, and the Folly of Self-Dependence.

GOD reigns; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide;
But in a diff'rent channel go,
To humble human pride.

2 The swift, not always, in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command;
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all thy ways, we humbly own
Thy providential pow'r;
Entrusted to thy care alone,
The lot of ev'ry hour. SCOTT.

HYMN 308. Hallelujah Metre.

The House of Prayer.

GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wond'rous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find,
Within thy courts, a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays, for us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Once we were strangers here,
But now approach the throne;

For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more,
To thee we come; and find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father, King,
Thy cov'nant grace, our souls embrace,
Thy glories sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And whilst such food we taste,
With joy our faces shine.
Incense shall rise
From flames of love, and God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng,
To worship in thy house;
Wilt thou attend the song,
And hear their ardent vows!
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire to join the choir,
On Zion's hill. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 309. L. M.

All things work together for the good of the Righteous.

NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Nor from the dust, our troubles come;
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints;
Know, 'tis your heavenly Father's will;
Bid every murmur then be still.

3 He sees we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke:

He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.

4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys. *Bristol Coll.*

HYMN 310. C. M.

God our constant Benefactor.

GREAT God! to thee my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise:
Inspire my heart to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.

2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital powers;
My time revolves at thy command
In all its circling hours.

3 Thy power, my ever-present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends:
While num'rous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.

4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is my repose!
Thy morning light renews the springs
From whence my comfort flows.

5 In celebration of thy praise,
I will employ my breath;
And, walking stedfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death. FLEXMAN.

HYMN 311. L. M.

God, Preserver, Benefactor, and Saviour.

HOW well our great Preserver knows
To weigh, and to relieve our woes!
Behold his wrath's avenging blast,
How slow to rise, how soon o'erpast!

2 How prompt his favour to dispense
Its life-imparting influence:
How speedy his paternal love
Our deep afflictions to remove!

3 Grief for a night, obtrusive guest,
Beneath our roof perhaps may rest;
But joy, with the returning day,
Shall wipe each transient tear away.

4 Since thou wilt hearken to my prayer,
Again the face of joy I wear:
Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.

5 With what delight, great God, I trace
The acts of thy stupendous grace!
To count them, were to count the sand
That lies upon the sea-beat strand. MERRICK.

HYMN 312. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

O HOW shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

5 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise—
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise. ADDISON.

HYMN 313. L. M.

Gratitude to God for his innumerable Mercies.

IN glad amazement, Lord! I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand!
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O! what poor returns I make!
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!
Lord! I confess with humble shame,
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice;
It sinks beneath the mighty load,
"What shall I render to my God?"

4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days!
Yet what, at best, can I pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a friend!

5 In deep abasement, Lord! I see
My emptiness and poverty;
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heaven may echo with my song;
The theme, too great for time shall be
The joy of long eternity. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 314. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

The Love of God.

MY God! thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborn,
Their genial drops distil;

In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smiles on every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiv'n;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude:
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good. KNEELAND'S *Coll.*

HYMN 315. L. M.

Praise for the Divine Goodness.

AWAKE, my soul! awake, my tongue!
My God demands the grateful song:
Let all my nobler powers record
The wond'rous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial bliss! immortal food!
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the power of time.

4 In him the poor oppress shall find
A Friend, almighty, just and kind;
His glorious acts, his wond'rous ways,
To all the world proclaim his praise. MRS STEELE.

HYMN 316. C. M.

Blessings of Providence and Redemption.

THY goodness, Lord! our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore:
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.

3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord!
Are in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between. BERRIDGE.

HYMN 317. L. M.

The Advantages of Divine Revelation.

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is the glorious word of God;
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers:
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays his love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favour'd lands, blest with this word !
Ye saints, who feel its saving power !
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 318. C. M.

Instruction to the Young, from Scripture.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin !
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light ;
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way. WATTS.

HYMN 319. C. M.

The Perfect Law of Liberty.

BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives :
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !

2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry thought.

3 Great Author of each perfect gift !
Thy gracious power display,
That our ungrateful, wand'ring hearts
May hearken and obey. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 320. L. M.

Light and Comfort from the Scriptures.

TO God, its source, my soul aspires ;
Come, Lord ! and fill my vast desires ;
Be thou my portion ; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess'd.

2 O ! let thy sacred word impart
Its gen'rous influence to my heart ;
With power and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat ;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies :
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more ;

5 O ! may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 321. L. M.

Scripture Teachings, and their Happy Consequences.

BRIGHT Source of intellectual rays !
Father of spirits and of grace !
O dart with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlighten'd with that heavenly day ;
And seek thine influence with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road,
That leads them to their father's God ;
And, form'd by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children plac'd at Jesus' feet;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 322. C. M.

The Light and Glory of the World.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to ev'ry age;
It gives but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above. COWPER.

HYMN 323. C. M.

Reason a Divine Gift.

WHAT heavenly wisdom has bestow'd,
O! let not man despise;
Reason's a gift our praise demands;
It lifts us to the skies.

2 How could we know or value truth
Without this beam of light;
Or conscience feel of right and wrong,
Or in God's praise delight?

[illegible] for conscience too,
[illegible] O Lord!
[illegible] that he clear,
[illegible] thy word.

HYMN 324. L. M.

Religion without Superstition.

FAR hence each superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain!
The truths that fill thy hallow'd page,
My happier choice, great God! engage.

2 O, ever faithful to thy word,
Do thou thy vital strength afford;
Thy help impart, Eternal Sire!
Nor let my hope in shame expire.

3 Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
What dangers shall my soul invade?
Nor error's cloud, nor arts of sin
My soul from thy obedience win. MERRICK.

HYMN 325. Eights and Sevens Metre.

Praise to the God of our Salvation.

HAIL the God of our salvation?
Triumph in redeeming love;
Let us with glad exultation
Imitate the blest above.

2 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Border'd on the shades of death,
He hath, by his grace revealing,
Scatter'd all the clouds beneath.

3 Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him ev'ry thankful heart.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven we take our place;
There enraptur'd fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise. *Salisbury Coll.*

HYMN 326. L. M.

The Christian Scheme of Salvation worthy of God.

IMMORTAL God! on thee we call,
The Great Original of all;
From thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

2 We praise that wise, that wond'rous grace
That pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious head,
The captain of salvation made.

3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead;
And sinful worms to him are given
A colony to people heaven.

4 Jesus for us (O gracious name)
Encounter'd agony and shame;
Jesus, the glorious and the great,
Was by dire suff'rings made complete.

5 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy son, and worthy thee;
And while this theme employs our tongues,
All heaven unites its sweetest songs. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 327. L. M.

The Light of the Gospel.

O HOW delightful is the road
That guides us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2 O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long conceal'd;
Till Christ restor'd the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word reveal'd. J. TAYLOR.

HYMN 328. S. M.

Birth of Christ.

THE Prince of Peace is come!
Ye nations, shout and sing;
Let men and angels join their songs,
To hail this glorious King.

2 Light of the world, he comes!
The blind receive their sight;
The mind now feels his gladd'ning ray,
And all within is light.

3 Evangelist divine!
He makes the gospel known:
The poor the joyful tidings hear,
And their great prophet own.

4 Whilst, gracious God! I hear
Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May my glad heart, my tongue, my life,
Be all obedience found. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 329. C. M.

The same.

GLORY to God on high be giv'n,
For peace to earth is brought!
Good will to wretched, dying men,
Surpassing human thought.

2 The time foretold by heaven is come,
The year of Jubilee:
The day which kings and saints so long,
So much desir'd to see.

3 He's come, the mighty Saviour's come,
Hear, and rejoice, thou earth;
Let ev'ry tongue, the globe around,
Hail the Redeemer's birth.

4 To universal empire born,
The charge he well sustains;
Nations, rejoice! the mighty Lord,
Your King, Messiah, reigns.

5 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For peace on earth is brought!
Good will to wretched, dying men,
Surpassing human thought. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 330. L. M.

The Promised Messiah.

WELCOME the hope of Israel's race,
The Messenger of truth and grace;
Your hearts in righteousness prepare;
Behold your wish'd redemption near!

2 See glory, bursting from the skies,
O'er Judah's land effulgent rise;
And fix amidst her coasts its seat,
Where justice, truth, and mercy meet:

3 While faith and hope, their offspring dear,
Attendant on their steps appear;
And join'd in friendly compact move,
Bless'd with philanthropy and love.

4 Truth in thy lands, O earth! shall spring,
And righteousness her healing wing
Expanding, downward cast her eye,
While heaven's great Monarch, from on high,

5 The heathen gloom shall chase away,
And usher in a glorious day;
And, from his own propitious will
The promis'd grace to man fulfil. MERRICK.

HYMN 331. C. M.

The Mission of Christ.

"PREPARE," th' appointed herald cried,
"The Lord's straight path prepare;
Let valleys rise, let hills subside,
And rugged ways grow fair!

2 Then shall the race of man behold
Salvation from on high;
Than shall the Saviour, long foretold,
Commence his ministry."

3 Spotless the heaven-taught teacher stood,
And meekly bow'd his head,
While from old Jordan's sacred flood
Baptismal rites were shed.

4 Now spake th' announcing voice of heaven,
While bright the glory shone;
"To you the Christ of God is given,
Jehovah's chosen son.

5 Him hear; with him my cov'nant stands,
With pow'r I him invest;
I place my sceptre in his hands,
My truth inspires his breast." J. TAYLOR.

HYMN 332. C. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

HOW blest thy creature is, O God!
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things;
The sun of righteousness he eyes
With healing on his wings.

3 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal—

4 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, 'tis the light of Christ alone
Can shine upon the heart. COWPER.

HYMN 333. L. M.

The same.

TO thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the sun of righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day! DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 334. Sevens Metre.

The Star of Jacob.

SONS of men, behold him far,
Hail the long expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shade of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light. WESLEY.

HYMN 335. S. M.

Benediction.

THY benediction, Lord,
Upon us now bestow;
O bless us with thy sacred word,
That we thy truth may know.

2 Impress upon each mind,
The truth we now have heard;
And that we may salvation find,
May each the same regard.

3 Now unto God on high,
Be glory ever given:
O fit our longing souls to fly,
And dwell with thee in heaven. KNEELAND.

HYMN 336. C. M.

Blessing.

SEND down thy blessing, gracious Lord,
And tune our hearts to praise;
Help us thy goodness to record,
Which lengthens out our days.

2 The Blessing of the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost be given;
The three who do unite in one,
And record keep in heaven.

3 O grant us all thy saving grace,
To run the heavenly road—
Tune ev'ry heart to sing thy praise,
My Saviour and my God. KNEELAND.

HYMN 337. L. M.

Closing of Service.

NOW, Lord, once more thy church dismiss,
Who've tasted here the sacred bliss,
Which thou dost plent'ously afford
To those who meet to hear thy word.

2 O may we treasure in our hearts
The truths the Saviour now imparts,
Who, from the lucid courts above,
Sends down the tokens of his love.

3 He, like the glorious sun of light,
Dispels the darkness of our night;
And on his church effulgent beams
The light of life in lucid streams.

4 O may he shine from pole to pole,
Illuminate each darken'd soul;
From north to south, from east to west,
And make all nature richly blest. KNEELAND.

HYMN 338. L. M.

The Vanity of Earthly Objects.

THE trifling joys this world can give
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply;
A soul, which hopes, thro' grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.

2 Yet, O my God, I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me;
The least doth give me some delight,
And shows thy mercy rich and free.

3 My friends, my health, my daily food—
All blessings given here below,
Proclaim aloud that thou art good—
Thy goodness all the world shall know.

4 But O, it is a greater joy,
To feel my heart is reconcil'd;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransom'd child.

5 In thee, dear Lord, I stand complete,
It is enough—I want no more!
Prostrate I fall before thy feet,
And all thy boundless love adore.

6 Hence then, ye trifling joys, depart!
Joys, transient as the fading flower;
Jesus the Saviour claims my heart,
'Tis his by purchase, love, and power. S. THOMPSON.

HYMN 339. C. M.

Invitation.

YE favour'd children of the Lord,
Ye lov'd, ye ransom'd race;
Come, listen to the cheering word
Of our Immanuel's grace.

2 O come! attend the Saviour's call,
He only life can give;
His gracious voice, proclaim'd to all,
Is, "Come, believe, and live."

3 But man, regardless of his words,
From Jesus doth depart;
The joyful sounds no life affords
His unbelieving heart.

4 Hasten, O God, that glorious day,
In thine own plan design'd,
When thou wilt take the veil away
From each benighted mind.

5 Then sinners shall, with grateful hearts,
The Saviour's name adore;
And carnal mind, with subtle arts,
Shall tempt their souls no more. S. THOMPSON.

HYMN 340. L. M.

At the close of the General Convention.

DEAR Lord, behold thy children here!
To us a parting blessing give;
In mercy grant each brother dear,
In union with his God may live;

2 Sweet counsel we together took,
Came to thy house in company;
Thy graces, like the water brook,
From hatred kept thy children free.

3 Thy banner over us is love,
While we in fellowship agree;
O may our thoughts remain above!
Faithful disciples may we be.

4 From one another we must part,
Thy cause and kingdom order so;
O seal us to each other's heart,
While we remain on earth below.

5 Succeed our labours through the year,
While in thy vineyards, Lord, we toil;

In faithful works of love and fear,
And fruitful make the barren soil.

6 Wilt thou, dear Lord, long time to come,
This council bless with heavenly grace;
Beneath each clear autumnal sun,
May many meet to seek thy face. H. Ballou.

HYMN 341. L. M.

Fast. *Isa.* lviii. 6, &c.

THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose,
Each heavy burthen to undo;
The bands of wickedness to loose,
And let the captive freedom know.

2 Let ev'ry vile and sinful yoke
Of servile bondage, and of fear,
By mercy, love, and truth, be broke;
From sorrow's eye wipe ev'ry tear.

3 Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread,
Bring to thine house the outcast poor;
O let the fainting soul be fed,
Nor spurn the needy from thy door.

4 And when thine eyes the naked see,
The needed garment then bestow;
To thine own flesh most tender be,
To *all* thy charity must flow.

5 This did the Saviour of our race;
Himself, the Bread of life, did give;
Undid our burdens by his grace;
The outcast poor in Jesus live.

6 We are his flesh; he did not hide
Himself from us, in all our wo;
But freely gave himself, and dy'd,
That we his boundless love might know.

H. Ballou.

HYMN 342. C. M.

The Unity of the Spirit.

AND why do Christians thus contend,
For items in their creeds ?
An enemy, and not a friend,
Sows these contentious seeds.

2 'Twas love to God and love to man;
The dear Redeemer brought ;
No metaphysick doctrine can
Compare with what he taught.

3 Why do we judge each other so ?
This judging genders strife;
It is enough our Lord to know,
And feel his heav'nly life.

4 What if my brother disagrees
With me in certain things ;
Yet strives by works of love to please,
And fruit abundant brings ?

5 Shall I disown a brother dear,
For whom my Saviour dy'd ?
Can I be fill'd with gospel fear,
And walk in all this pride ?

6 O may we learn to walk in love,
In charity abound ;
Possess those tempers of the dove,
Which rather heal than wound. H. Ballou.

HYMN 343. Eights and Sevens Metre.

Self Examination.

WHAT is this within me burning ?
What a flame is this I feel ?
This I can't avoid by turning,
Is't a pure or blinded zeal ?
Lord, I would myself examine,
Help me by thy light divine ;
That I rightly may determine,
May thy graces in me shine.

2 When I pray, my soul extended
Sends her warm desires abroad,
That my foes may be befriended;
Is it wrong? O tell me Lord!
Where in all thy vast creation
Is that soul I do not love!
Grant, dear Lord, to all salvation,
Or my error disapprove.

3 Still the ardent fire increases,
When thy honours, Lord, I see;
May thy grace, which me releases,
Set the world from bondage free.
I appeal to thee, my Saviour,
To correct, if I am wrong;
Am I right, O then I'll never
Cease thy praises in my song. H. Ballou.

HYMN 344. S. M.

Seeking after God.

WHY is my heart so cold?
No quick'ning zeal for God?
Dear Lord, thy warming grace unfold,
The pow'r of Jesus' blood.

2 Why should I careful be
For vanities of life?
What can I in creation see,
That's worth this care and strife?

3 Why should I try to feed
On folly's poor repast!
These treach'rous baits my soul would lead
To pain and wo at last.

4 O make thy wisdom shine,
Give me thy counsels, Lord,
And more my heart to thee incline,
And more unfold thy word. H. Ballou.

HYMN 345. S. M.

Living by Faith.

BY faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts;
While he, that love, which none can tell,
In streams of grace imparts.

2 Then may we comprehend,
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.

3 Then, fill'd with ev'ry grace,
From strength to strength we'll go;
While Jesus shows his smiling face,
In ev'ry scene of wo.

4 Soon we shall victors be,
And crowns of glory wear;
In endless peace our Captain see,
And dwell for ever there. H. Ballou.

HYMN 346. C. M.

The New Creation.

WHEN will the eyelids of that morn
Open upon our sight,
When all creation shall be born,
And beauty chase our night?

2 When will the *Sun of Righteousness*,
With healing in his wings,
The num'rous sons of Adam bless
With love's eternal springs?

3 The promis'd day will surely come;
Its beauties shall unfold
What Jesus has for mortals done,
While we with joy behold.

4 A new creation then shall rise,
By the Almighty's hand;
And though the old creation dies,
The new shall always stand. H. Ballou.

HYMN 347. S. M.

Prayers in Faith.

MUST christians pray for naught ?
Will God refuse to hear ?
Has he his promises forgot ?
Must we both doubt and fear ?

2 Is all assurance lost ?
And hope become forlorn ?
Abortive proved the mighty cost ?
In vain was Jesus born ?

3 No ! saints with fervour pray,
With faith, and hope, and zeal ;
Our God will bring the glorious day,
And all his love reveal.

4 Salvation shall extend,
Like your desires abroad ;
The Lord in honour will defend
His promise, and his word.

H. BALLOU.

HYMN 348. C. M.

Armour of God. *Eph.* vi, 13, &c.

MAY we thine armour, Lord, put on,
And in thy spirit fight ;
Pursue the vict'ries of thy Son,
And march in perfect light.

2 Girded with truth, our loins make strong,
Our breastplate righteousness ;
We'll loudly sing the martial song,
And uniformly dress.

3 Shod with thy gospel, may our feet
Stand on the hills of light ;
Shielded with faith, our foes we'll meet,
Beneath thy banner fight.

4 Salvation for an helmet give,
Thy spirit for a sword ;
No ruling foe shall in us live,
But die beneath thy word.

5 This armour, Lord, give us each day,
O may we faithful prove ;
Learn us to watch, learn us to pray,
And wrestle hard in love.

6 O may the pow'rs of darkness fall,
And wickedness decay ;
We'll still upon our Captain call,
And shout the perfect day. H. Ballou.

HYMN 349. L. M.

For God's Assistance in Worship.

GRANT us a visit, dearest Lord,
In gentle streams of grace descend :
Open the treasure of thy word,
From ev'ry sin thy church defend.

2 Thy branches bend, thou living vine,
Clusters of fruit to us impart ;
O may our joys be all divine,
May heav'nly love fill ev'ry heart.

3 In unity may we abound,
Thy wisdom with our zeal combine ;
And joyful sing on heav'nly ground,
And keep the golden path divine.

4 O may our worship, Lord, to-day,
Accepted be in Jesus' name ;
Whether we preach, or sing, or pray,
May love be all the sacred flame. H. Ballou.

HYMN 350. L. M.

Opening of Service.

O GOD of grace, before thy throne,
Thy suppliants bow with holy fear ;
Those thou art pleas'd to call thine own
Invoke thy sacred presence here.

2 Kind *Source of light !* thy blessing grant,
Bestow on us thy cheering rays ;
Supply our vary'd mental want,
And thus inspire our hearts to praise.

3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
To dissipate the darkest gloom;
Sweet emanation of thy love!
To thee desiring bosoms come.

4 Give to thy word successful course,
And spread the triumphs of thy name;
May truth exhibit all her force,
And put the lying lip to shame.

5 And while we worship at thy feet,
Where vailed angels do adore,
Give us in fellowship to meet
To sing thy grace and speak thy power. TURNER.

HYMN 351. L. M.

A Call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

NOW to our God let praises rise,
From all that dwell beneath the skies;
Throughout the earth his love proclaim,
With joys eternal in his name.

2 Know that the Lord is God alone,
No rival fills th' eternal throne;
We are the creatures of his hand,
Our form and frame his praise demand.

3 We are the people of his care,
His sheep who feed in pastures fair;
The objects of his tender love,
Supply'd with blessings from above.

4 Into this earthly temple come,
And raise the anthem and the song;
Let gratitude the lay inspire,
The bosom glow with sacred fire.

5 For God in endless goodness reigns,
And mercy, truth, and love maintains;
Nor time, nor years, nor measur'd space,
Confines the blessings of his grace. TURNER.

HYMN 352. L. M.

To be dismissed with a Blessing.

FROM worship now thy church dismiss,
But not without thy blessing, Lord;
O may we taste the sacred bliss,
And meditate upon thy word.

2 Deep-rooted in each honest heart,
Thy word of truth, O may it grow!
Much fruit of love may it impart,
Where all the gospel graces flow.

2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
When christians meet to worship thee;
Where zeal and love with ardour burn,
There may thy children joyful be.

4 And when these pleasant scenes are past,
Unto thyself, O may we come,
Where vast assemblies meet at last,
In Zion, our eternal home. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 353. Hallelujah Metre.

Close of Service.

KIND Lord, before thy face,
Again, with joy, we bow,
For all the gifts and grace,
Thou dost on us bestow;
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet:
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume;
Thy light, divinely spread,

Hath broke the darksome gloom :
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace,
Till here again we come ;
And may our love increase,
Till thou shalt guide us home :
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name. TURNER.

HYMN 354. L. M.

Religion vain without Love.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil. WATTS.

HYMN 355. C. M.

Early Religion.

HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no mean sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 It saves us from a thousand fears
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.

5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
Whilst we have life and breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death. WATTS.

HYMN 356. L. M.

The Glory and Defence of the Church.

HAPPY the Church! thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly angels waits;
Nor shall the deep foundations move,
Built on the counsels of his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy walls in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with anger roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the power of earth or hell;
Since God defends the happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our sun, God is our shield,
Light and protection he will yield;
And we beneath the genial rays,
Will sing his love, and speak his praise. WATTS.

HYMN 357. C. M.

Love to God.

HAPPY the mind where graces reign,
And love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
Affliction's bitter cup is sweet,
When mixed with heavenly love.

4 Soon as we drop this mortal clay,
And leave this dark abode,
On wings of love we'll soar away,
To see our Father, God.

5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In realms of endless peace. WATTS, *altered.*

HYMN 358. L. M.

Rich Treasure in earthen Vessels.

HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean! when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share!

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay,
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives!
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet still the gospel lives.

5 Such wonders, power divine effects;
Such trophies, God can raise;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
His monuments of praise. *Salisbury Coll.*

HYMN 359. S. M.

The Love of Truth.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But Christian truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 A meek inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill!
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice, our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 360. C. M.

God our Portion. *Ps.* iv. 6, 7.

IN vain the erring world inquires
For true substantial good;
Whilst earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

2 Illusive dreams of happiness
Their eager thoughts employ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.

3 Not all the good, which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

4 Begone, ye gilded vanities!
I seek some solid good!
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God.

5 To thee, my God, my soul aspires;
Dispel these shades of night;
Enlarge and fill these vast desires
With infinite delight.

6 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heaven dawns in ev'ry ray;
One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 361. L. M.

The Blessings of the Gospel.

IN various forms, to saints of old,
God did his mind and will unfold;
But Christ, commission'd from above,
Hath now reveal'd his grace and love.

2 We read the volume of thy word.
That book of life, that true record;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by this sure conveyance given.

3 His kindest thoughts are best exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest;
His doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 We render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace and boundless love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation bless the Lord. *Liverpool Coll.*

HYMN 362. L. M.

The Union of Christ and his Church.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let ev'ry act of homage be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Let not our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 May ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb. WATTS.

HYMN 363. C. M.

Christ the Head of the Church.

JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls such worms thine own;
Gives us among thy saints a place,
And brings us near thy throne.

2 When join'd to thee, our vital head,
Our virtues grow and thrive ;
From thee divided, each is dead,
Though it may seem alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
All join in sweet accord ;
The body one, in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may our humble faith receive
Thy spirit with delight !
Then time and death in vain shall strive
The bond to disunite. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 364. C. M.

Divine Counsels.

KEEP counsel, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod !
My soul stands trembling, whilst she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Before his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men ;
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some kind design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And then the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 No creature asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
No favourite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not wish to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise:

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name
Recorded, in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb. WATTS.

HYMN 365. L. M.

True Charity.

LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervour and their faith proclaim;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.

2 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise;
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And soon the angry passion dies.

3 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.

4 Her neighbour's infamy and ill
To her no entertainment give;
She's pleas'd to see him prosper still,
And still in good repute to live.

5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will for ever brightly burn,
When hope shall in enjoyment die,
And faith to intuition turn. SMART.

HYMN 366. C. M.

The Bread of Life. *John* vi. 49, 54.

LET us adore th' Eternal Word;
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 The manna came from lower skies;
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise
And rivers flow with love.

3 The ancient father died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions, which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
And by his mighty power shall raise
And take his children home. WATTS, *altered.*

HYMN 367. L. M.

The eternal Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And let our songs and worship rise,
Like grateful incense to the skies.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of death and sin:
Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 368. S. M.

The Promise to Believers and their Children.

LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

5 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race!

6 Our offspring still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,

To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad. *Salisbury Coll.*

HYMN 369. Hallelujah Metre.

The Triumph of Christ and the Power of his Gospel.

LOUD to the Prince of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise!
To him your vows be given,
And fill his courts with praise.
With conscious worth,
All clad in arms, all bright in charms,
He sallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels,
In glad surprise, ye vallies, rise,
And sink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and gentle love,
With righteousness and peace,
In thy retinue move,
Thy conquering power to grace.
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosperous ride, and far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

4 Before thy mighty sword,
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy word,
That word which conquers all,
The world shall know,
Great King of kings, what wonderous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display.
Beneath thy sword,
Blest Jesus, see, I bow to thee,
My Prince and Lord. DODDRIDGE, *altered.*

HYMN 370. L. M.

Folly cured by Affliction.

LOW at thy gracious feet I bend,
My God, my everlasting Friend—
Permit the claim ; O let thine ear
My humble suit indulgent hear !

2 Lord, thou hast bid me seek thy face,
And ask of thee thy promis'd grace ;
O may thy favour, bliss divine !
With fuller, clearer radiance shine.

3 But O my heart, reflect with shame ;
Can I prefer so bold a claim ?
Conscious how often I have stray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.

4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad !
Till heavenly pity saw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.

5 And when the snares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful stroke,
Have not I own'd with humble praise,
That just and right are all his ways ?

6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,
My vileness and thy love I own ;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me shine.

7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedless heart requires the rod,
Thy arm supporting I implore ;
The hand that chastens can restore.

8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love ;
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine ! MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 371. L. M.

The example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy deference to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb. WATTS.

HYMN 372. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus degrade my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find. WATTS.

HYMN 373. C. M.

Charity.

O CHARITY! thou heavenly grace,
All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd!

2 The man of charity extends
To all his lib'ral hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
And love as angels do.

PROUD.

HYMN 374. C. M.

The Universal Extent of Christ's Kingdom. *Isa.* ii. 2, 4.

O'ER mountain tops the Mount of God,
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife,
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer host, encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more. *Scotch Paraphrases.*

HYMN 375. C. M.

Obedience to God our Father.

O GOD, my Father, I adore
That all-commanding name;
It will my soul to life restore,
And kindle all my flame.

2 Entire, I bow at thy commands,
My filial homage pay;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I'll cheerfully obey.

3 I'll wilfully no more transgress,
As I too oft have done;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.

4 Each day I live, I'll seek with care
My Father well to please;
And in this course will persevere,
By thine assisting grace.

5 Thus will I my relation claim,
And call myself thy son;
And whilst I bear the glorious name,
My Father's rights will own.

6 I will; but thou must strength impart,
This promise to fulfil;
Lord, write thy law upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

HYMN 376. L. M.

The Glory and Safety of the Church.

O HAPPY Church, celestial bride,
Thy Husband will with thee reside;
With matchless glory thou shalt shine,
In robes of honour all divine.

2 Silver and gold her happy dress,
Truth, meekness, love, and righteousness;
Holy without, and pure within,
Free from the guilt of reigning sin.

3 Her laws and doctrines just and right,
Her priests the ministers of light;
Her order from the courts above,
And all her service done in love.

4 Her discipline is from the word,
Her head and ruler is the Lord;
Her sons and daughters all agree,
And live in peace and charity.

5 Her journey is the holy way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And her eternal sure reward,
A crown of glory with the Lord.

PROUD.

HYMN 377. C. M.

The Ways of Wisdom.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all her mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace. *Scotch Paraphrases.*

HYMN 378. C. M.

Filial Submission.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a gift withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me. COWPER.

4 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

5 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

6 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 379. C. M.

The Christian's Resolution founded on Jacob's Vow. *Gen.* 28.

O THOU, by whose all-bounteous hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through life's weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 To thee our humble vow we raise,
To thee address our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful hand
Deposit all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide;
If thou wilt daily food supply,
And raiment wilt provide;

4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's safe abode
Our souls arrive in peace;

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God
Ourselves we will resign;
And count that all on earth we have,
And e'en our life is thine. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 380. L. M.

Importunate Prayer. "Ask, and ye shall receive." *Mat.* vii. 7.

OUR Father, thron'd above the sky,
To thee, our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.

2 Let mercy all our sins dispel,
As clouds before the solar beam;
Our souls from bondage and from hell
To liberty and life redeem.

3 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name,
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd blessing claim.

4 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famish'd son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?

5 Our heavenly father, how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise;
And open thy unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries?

6 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience at thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to intreat.

7 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient supplicant has blest;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer attest. SCOTT.

HYMN 381. L. M.

A general Song of Praise.

NOW to the God, to whom all might
And glory, in all worlds belong,
Who fills unseen his throne of light,
Come let us sing a general song.

2 His Spirit wrapp'd the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant earth,
And, on her bosom, warm and fair,
Gave her young lord his joyous birth.

3 He smiles on morning's rosy way:
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even:
To noon, he gives its ripening ray;
To night, the view of glorious heaven.

4 He drives along those sparkling globes,
In circles of unerring truth;
He decks them all in radiant robes,
And crowns them with eternal youth.

5 So will he crown the upright mind,
When life and all its toils are o'er:
Then let his praise, on every wind
'ise, till the winds shall wake no more. PIERPONT.

HYMN 382. L. M.

Communion with Christ.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 383. S. M.

God's universal Dominion; or Angels praise the Lord.
Ps. ciii. 19.

THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly worlds he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear;
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too. WA·

HYMN 384. C. M.

The Perfections of God. *Ps.* cxi.

GREAT is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure ;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin,
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin. WATTS.

HYMN 385. L. M.

Ps. 136. Abridged.

GIVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The Kings of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more. WATTS.

HYMN 386. C. M.

Free Grace in revealing Christ. *Luke.* x. 21.

JESUS the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise:

2 "Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,
"That hath reveal'd thy son
"To men unlearned; and unto babes
"Hast made thy gospel known.

3 "The mysteries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise:
"While pride and carnal reasonings join
"To swell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will. WATTS.

HYMN 387. L. M.

Our own Weakness; or, Christ our Strength. *Cor.* xii. 7, 9, 10.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day,"
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes. WATTS.

HYMN 388. L. M.

Charity and Uncharitableness. *Rom.* xiv. 17, 19. 1 *Cor.* x. 32.

NOT different food, nor different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue,
Nor shall our practice give offence,
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew. WATTS.

HYMN 389. S. M.

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ. *Rom.* vi. 1, 2, 6.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds!

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty. WATTS.

HYMN 390. C. M.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace!

Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!
5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts. WATTS.

HYMN 391. L. M.

Christ, the King, at his Table. *Solomon's Song.* i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17

LET him embrace my soul, and prove
My interest in his heav'nly love;
The voice that tells me "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came
And spread the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms;
My soul shall fly into thine arms:
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
4 Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys;
Our memory keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.
5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
6 While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathes like spikenard round the room

7 As myrrh, new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above. WATTS.

HYMN 392. L. M.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The wants of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road. WATTS.

HYMN 393. Hallelujah Metre.

Christ the Living Stone.

WITH ecstacy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our mortal frame;
He built the church who spread the sky,
Shout and exalt his honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
In Christ, his best lov'd Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Who yields to death—in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him the living stone;
His influence spreads through every soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand,
The living temple grows
And owns the founder's hand:
That structure, Lord! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its builder's praise.

5 Descend and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace;
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place.
Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
And own our God is all in all. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 394. L. M.

Miracles of Christ.

WHAT works of wisdom, power and love
Do Jesus' high commission prove!
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!

2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafen'd ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows

Through ev'ry nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shatter'd mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he serv'd adore! BUTCHER.

HYMN 395. C. M.

The Example of Christ.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song,
I'll speak the honours of thy grace
With a rejoicing tongue.

2 When Christ among the sons of men,
In humble form was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,
Their peace he still pursu'd:
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
To me a model prove:
Like his, O God! my heart incline
My enemies to love. WATTS.

HYMN 396. S. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

CHRISTIANS! dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed;

The welcome news with gladness hear;
The Lord is ris'n indeed!

2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display:
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.

3 Angelic hosts above,
The rising victor sing;
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.

4 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise;
Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
And ev'ry mouth be praise.

HYMN 397. Hallelujah Metre.

The Wilderness transformed; or the happy Effects of the Gospel.

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
Our thoughts in transport range
The lovely scene to view.
In all we trace,
Father divine, the work is thine;
Be thine the praise!

2 See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands!
The river's winding way
Shines thro' the thirsty lands!
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads its carpet spreads
Of living green.

3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, for ever new,
Th' enamell'd fields adorn;
The blushing rose,
And lily there, in union fair
Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare, and disarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade!
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines, and elms and vines,
Confess to God.

5 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke, and lions yoke
In flowery bands.

6 O when, almighty Lord!
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes?
That earth may raise
With all her tongues, united songs
Of ardent praise. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 398. Hallelujah Metre.

Glory to the Church in the Latter Day.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine, while rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy morning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He sheds upon thy head;
The nations round
With lustre new thy form shall view,
Divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise
In worlds above, till sov'reign love
The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne
In nobler spheres ten thousand stars
His influence own. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 399. C. M.

Inconstancy in Religion lamented.

PERPETUAL Source of light and grace!
We hail thy sacred name;
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all-worthless as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heaven's establish'd course
And plenteous as the show'rs.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 Low at thy feet our guilt we mourn,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Arm'd with this energy divine
Our souls shall constant prove,
And, with increasing transport, press
On to thy courts above.

6 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 400. L. M.

Reliance on God's Compassion to Human Weakness.

GREAT God! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft gives way;
If doubt or passion should prevail
O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray;

2 On thy compassion I rely:
Let not thy frowns my faults reprove;
Regard me with a father's eye,
And guide me with a father's love. BLACKLOCK.

HYMN 401. C. M.

Want of Religious Zeal lamented.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
What faint impressions of thy grace
My languid powers retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.

5 O speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die. WATTS.

HYMN 402. C. M.

Hearing the voice of God's rod.

ATTEND, my soul, with rev'rent awe
The dictates of thy God;
Silent and trembling hear the voice
Of his appointed rod.

2 Now let me search and try thy ways,
And prostrate seek his face,
Conscious of guilt, before his throne
In dust my soul abase.

3 Teach me, my God! what's yet unknown,
And all my crimes forgive;
Those crimes I would no more repeat,
But to thine honour live.

4 My wither'd joys too plainly show
That all on earth is vain;
In God my wounded heart confides,
True rest and bliss to gain.

5 Father! I wait thy gracious call
To leave this mournful land,
And bathe in rivers of delight
That flow at thy right hand. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 403. C. M.

Mercy to the Penitent.

O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And, with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

3 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord!
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day. MRS. CARTER.

HYMN 404. C. M.

Peace to the returning Penitent.

SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest. JERVIS.

HYMN 405. L. M.

The Guilty Mind relieved by the Hope of Forgiveness.

WHILE with remorse and woe oppress'd,
Distraction haunts the guilty breast;
The broken heart, the troubled mind,
In God alone shall succour find.

2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal ;
The charms of mercy to reveal ;
He grants the penitent relief,
And cheers the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief.

3 When by temptation's billows tost.
On rocks of ruin well nigh lost ;
Still, hope, the anchor of the soul,
Shall folly's beating wave control.

4 To all the world's delusive joys,
Ensnaring wiles, and empty noise,
The sinner bids a long farewell,
And loves with purity to dwell.

5 In her secure and calm retreat,
He now enjoys a tranquil state ;
Conscious that God will deign to hear
The contrite, humble, and sincere. JERVIS.

HYMN 406. S. M.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more !

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their souls sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;
But I renounc'd my former sins,
And peace and pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone. WATTS.

HYMN 407. L. M.

The pleasures of Devotion.

GOD of my strength! to thee I cry!
To thee, my surest refuge, fly:
O may thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray!

2 Conduct me to thy hallow'd seat,
Where wisdom, truth, and mercy meet;
And there, in all its best array,
My heart its richest gifts shall pay.

3 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield;
Thy love does all my bosom fire,
Thy praise does all my song inspire.

4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose;
To God our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid. MERRICK.

HYMN 408. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see?
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—
That heart shall rest on thee!

Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.

HYMN 409. S. M.

Daily Devotion.

WHILE thoughtless sinners choose
The road that leads to death;
I, in the service of my God,
Will spend my daily breath.

2 I'll worship at his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I'll seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 With all my anxious cares,
I'll lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

4 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

WATTS.

HYMN 410. C. M.

Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God.

MY God! 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God! art near:

Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish ev'ry fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 411. C. M.

Desiring Assurance of the Favour of God.

ETERNAL Source of joys divine!
To thee my soul aspires:
O could I say, "the Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd;
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy troubles cease;
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

4 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord!
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove:

5 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To sound thy praise abroad. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 412. Tens Metre.

Devout Aspirations.

GOD, our kind Master, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:
His ear is open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

2 He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere:
He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

3 O set me from all earthly bondage free;
Still ev'ry wish that centers not in thee:
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace. BARBAULD.

HYMN 413. C. M.

Aspirations after the Christian Temper.

ALMIGHTY Maker! Lord of all!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumber'd worlds!
Supreme, eternal King!

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me, in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit;
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known;
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food:
I ask not wealth nor fame;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

7 May still my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

HYMN 414. C. M.

Prayer for Spiritual and Eternal Blessings.

ETERNAL Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures, which for ever flow
At thy right hand, O God! CAPPE's *Selection.*

HYMN 415. C. M.

Christian Zeal and Diligence.

ARE not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face;

And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me to the Lord. WATTS.

HYMN 416. L. M.

Devout Profession of Christanity.

LET sorrow, Lord, my bosom fill,
When impious men transgress thy will:
Teach me to mourn when lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 With indignation may I treat
The works of malice and deceit;
And ever from their friendship flee,
Who dare to scorn thy laws and thee.

3 Lord! search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
If my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a vain disguise,
I seek the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way! WATTS.

HYMN 417. C. M.

The Heart laid open before God.

SEARCHER of hearts! before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O! let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

3 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

4 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity giv'n;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 418. S. M.

The Living Sacrifice.

AND will the eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord! with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire!
The sacrifice inflame!
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 419. L. M.

The wandering Sheep recovered.

LORD! we have wander'd from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray,
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Expos'd to want, expos'd to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wand'rings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord!
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us that we stray no more. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 420. C. M.

Value of the Knowledge of God.

SHINE forth, eternal Source of light!
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarg'd, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are in thy presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to learn his name,
True life to do his will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray;
This let me still pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 421. C. M.

The Pearl of Great Price.

YE glittering toys of earth! adieu:
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all
To make this jewel mine.

4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of such a gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 422. L. M.

Song of Praise to God.

NATURE, with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 All mortal things, of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name;
Whilst, with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.

4 To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall still his wonders tell,
And every word—a miracle.

5 This western world, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And shake the captivating chain.

6 He builds for liberty a throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive rulers kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of War.

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;

Let there be sung with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name!
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise. WATTS, *altered.*

HYMN 423. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. WATTS.

HYMN 424. L. P. M.

Mercy.

O LOVE, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free;
Whilst Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy! free, boundless mercy! cries.

2 With faith I plunge me in that sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assaults, I flee:
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:
Steadfast on this my soul relies!
Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

HYMN 425. Eights and Sevens Metre.

The Word more precious than Gold.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford?
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying Christ I feed,
Here is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive it quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find.

To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the scripture-truths endure,
From his pow'r I am secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me
When I take the Spirit's sword,
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word;
'Tis a sword for conquest made;
Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser!
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
Jesus gives me in his word
Food and med'cine, shield and sword. NEWTON.

HYMN 426. C. M.

The Promises.

OUR God! how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Our God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd
And part of heaven possess'd;
I'll praise him for his grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 427. Eights and Sevens Metre.

The Paschal Lamb.

HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail, thou universal Saviour!
Who hast borne our sin and shame,
By whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name!

2 Paschal Lamb by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid!
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
Every sin is now forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive—
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing Christ Jesus' merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 428. Elevens and Fives Metre.

The Everlasting Spring.

OLD hoary winter now has ceas'd his raging,
And all his storms and blasts are hush'd in silence;
And in return the mild and gentle spring comes
Blooming with verdure.

2 See how the mild and vernal clouds come floating
On the soft æther, charg'd with copious showers,
Balmy and gentle they distil in plenty,
All hearts rejoicing.

3 See how the vales and meadows stand arrayed,
Clothed in azure, and bedeck'd with flowers,
Cowslips and daisies with the purple violet,
Blooming with fragrance.

4 See all the trees put on their leafy honours,
Waving with grandeur, when the gentle zephyrs
Floating with sweetness, fanning all their branches
With gentle breezes.

5 Hark! how the groves resound with cheerful music,
Hark! the sweet songsters on the boughs rejoicing,
Tuning their voices with melodious accents
In sweetest chorus.

6 All nature smiles amid the gay creation:
When such bright scenes of beauty now approaches,
The loves and graces in their softest accents
Breathe forth sweet music.

7 If such delights from the gay decorations
Of smiling spring and a few opening flowers,
Whose short-liv'd glories soon are gone and blasted,
Their beauty fading:

8 Say then, ye ransom'd, and sing forth the grandeur
Of spring immortal, when the great Arch-angel
With his shrill trumpet bursts the gloomy mansions
Of the redeemed.

9 Then the vile body which for many ages
Has slept in silence, turn'd to foul corruption,
Quick as a thought awakes to life eternal,
Sparkling with brightness.

10 Then shall the mortal put on th' immortal,
Cloth'd in white robes they shall ascend to Jesus,
Where he in triumph on his throne of glory,
Bids a sweet welcome.

11 Hark! how the grand celestial chorus echoes
Through the wide arch, when all the mighty seraphs
With golden harps in accents so melodious
Shout the Redeemer.

PERCIVAL HALL.

HYMN 429. Tens and Elevens Metre.

Salvation to God and the Lamb.

REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's power in Jesus's love!
With glad exultation your triumphs proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit can set our hearts free;
And we shall inherit all fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never can cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

HYMN 430. L. P. M.

Jesus, who is the Christ.

COME, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food;
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, and shield, and sun;
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

HYMN 431. C. M.

Christ's Invitation.

THE Saviour calls! let ev'ry ear
Attend the heavenly sound!
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fears!
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 There springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your ev'ry pain ;
Immortal fountain ! full supplies !
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

HYMN 432. L. M.

The Gospel Feast. *Luke* xiv. 17, 18, 21, 23.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 " Have me excus'd !" why will you say ?
From health, and life, and liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, holiness, and heaven.

3 Come then, ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes !
Behold the bleeding sacrifice !
His boundless love doth all embrace,
We freely now are sav'd by grace.

5 Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you ;
Come to the feast, you're sav'd from sin,
And Jesus waits to take you in.

HYMN 433. Elevens and Nines Metre.

An Heir of Salvation born.

AWAY with our fears! the glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born;
From Jehovah I came, his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thou, Jesus, alone, art the Fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here,
I cheerfully sing my Redeemer and King
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 O, th' infinite cares, and temptations and snares
That thy hand hath conducted me through!
O, the blessings bestow'd by a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

4 What mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Brought into the fold, with thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die.

5 O the goodness of God, employing a clod,
We his tribute of glory will raise!
His standard to bear, and his triumph declare,
His unspeakable riches of grace.

6 All honour and praise to the Fountain of grace,
To the Spirit and Son I return!
The business pursue, he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

7 In raptures of joy all my life I'll employ
And the God of my life will proclaim;
I'm living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

8 My remnant of days I will spend in his praise
Who was sent the whole world to redeem;
My days are his due, be they many or few,
And they all are devoted to him.

HYMN 434. P. M.

Christ's Nativity. *Luke* ii. 8—20.

AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promisc'ously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the wondering few:
"Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus, your Saviour, in Jewry appears.

2 Though Adam the first in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss you sustain'd by the devil and Eve.
Then, shepherds, be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit your Saviour, and see where he lies.

3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This heav'nly Stranger, this Friend to mankind:
A manger 's his cradle, a stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, and gaze on the Babe,
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jesus your Saviour 's abundantly so."

4 This wonderous story scarce cool'd on the ear
When thousands of angels in glory appear;
They join in loud concert, and this was the theme,
"All glory to God and good-will towards men."
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 "Hosanna!" the angels in ecstacy cry;
"Hosanna!" the wondering shepherds reply;
"Salvation, redemption, are center'd in one!
All glory to God for the birth of his Son;
Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode."

6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard;
They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child.
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That gentle and simple may hear of the Lord.

HYMN 435. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence.

FATHER of all! whose powerful voice
Calls forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice;
Through endless ages still the same.

2 Thou, by the word, upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thine ev'ry creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

3 In heaven thou reign'st enthron'd in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

4 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sov'reign Lord of all.

5 Thee, sov'reign Lord, let all confess,
That move on earth, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
And bow before thy piercing eye.

6 All ye who owe to him your breath,
In praise your every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns, be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

HYMN 436. L. P. M.

The Opening of the Seven Seals. *Rev.* v. 5, 6, 7.

CHRIST'S birth, and circumcision too,
His fasting and temptation show,
His agony and bloody sweat,
His wounded heart and torments great,
His blood, his death, and all shall prove
The fulness of the Godhead-love.

2 'Tis he who groans, and cries aloud,
And weeps and sighs, and hangs in blood;
'Tis as his soul was put to pain,
And as he was most sharply slain,
That he is worthy to unseal
The book of God, and all reveal.

3 Under this form we hear him preach,
And by his wounds, his brethren teach,
That God is Love, to favour'd man,
And was, ere worlds or time began;
His being, name, and nature, Love:
This calls us up to worlds above.

4 Our nature's curse, our sin and pride,
Are all destroyed, and all beside
That renders it unmeet for God;
The Lamb hath purg'd us by his blood:
Our happiness he always wills,
And in us all his joy fulfils. JAMES RELLY.

HYMN 487. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

After Preaching.

TO Jesus, lifted up on high,
As doves unto their windows fly,
We speed for life and peace:
His blood, how pow'rfully it draws!
Now it hath quite remov'd the cause
Of sorrow and distress.

2 As members to their head must join,
And branches grow in their own vine,
So are we in the Lamb:
Ours all his beauty, life and fruit,
On him we grow, our Head and Root,
And hail the sacred name. JAMES RELLY.

HYMN 438. Tens Metre.

Praise.

HARK! what distant music melts upon the ear!
So sweet the tones, the symphonies so clear!
Some seraph sure has touch'd his golden lyre,
And praise resounds through all the heavenly choir.
Ye mortals, catch the soul commanding sound:
Learn the bless'd theme, and chant the chorus round.

2 O could our strains the rapt'rous notes combine,
Then should our grateful anthems pour along
The smoothing, swelling harmonies of song;
And every breast would glow with Love Divine!

3 Most gracious God, thy humble suppliants hear!
Accept the tributary lays we bring:
Thy power we own: thy majesty revere;
Thy goodness celebrate; thy glories sing.
And oh! may all in one grand concert raise
To Thee, hosannas of unceasing praise.

HYMN 439. P. M.

The Messiah.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids
Delight no more. O Thou, my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descend the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade;
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale:

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descend,
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies ;
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay !
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear !
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes !
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains :
Thy realm forever lasts, thine own Messiah reigns !

POPE.

HYMN 440. P. M.

The dying Christian.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper! Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears!—
Heaven opens to mine eyes! mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting? POPE.

HYMN 441. Eight, Eight and Six Metre.

A Marriage Hymn.

CELESTIAL Father! Sire of man,
From whom our circling race began,
Form'd by thy plastic hand:
Low at thy feet we prostrate bow,
Receive and bless the ardent vow,
Made by thy high command.

2 Give each soft spirit, friend to love,
In walks of paradise who rove,
To bless the happy pair;
Propitious let them hither fly,
From bowers of bliss in yonder sky,
And banish pale-ey'd care.

3 Be witness, heaven and every power,
Who deign to mark the hallow'd hour,
Record the plighted faith;
Soft vigils keep, auspicious bend,
On every devious walk attend,
And strew with flow'rs their path.

4 May smiling pleasures, blooming joys,
Fair hope sublim'd, which never cloys,
Gild every added day;
No dark suspicion rise between,
With blighting influence cloud the scene,
Chasing sweet peace away.

5 May mellowing love with friendship blend,
Esteem with lighted torch ascend,
And fan the sacred fire;
May young complacency improve,
Graft reason on the stock of love,
And joy serene inspire.

6 May chastity, with garland crown'd,
And honour's sacred charms, be found,
To guard the gentle pair.
May love unfeign'd their bosoms shield,
And conscious duty, pleasure yield,
Truth, spotless and sincere.

7 May sense and temper still preside,
Discretion all their actions guide,
Bright virtue still the base;
Fair candour spread a mutual veil,
As human errors shall assail,
With silent tears erase.

8 May each domestic joy arise,
And home-felt blessings may they prize,
Budding on peace serene.
May she each matron grace assume,
Around connubial life which bloom,
To gild the opening scene.

9 May he the lover still confess,
Still live to honour, shield and bless
The fair whom he receives;
For, when the ills of life surround,
In the torn breast inflict the wound,
Sweet amity relieves.

10 When gloomy pangs assault the soul,
When evil fills her poison'd bowl,
And passion swells the breast,
Then may soft reason brighter glow,
The balm of sapient pity flow,
And smile the storm to rest.

11 As they the path of life shall tread,
May confidence her banner spread,
And well taught judgment sway.
May friendship's sweetest joys abound,
And fair religion still be found,
To point the better way. MRS. MURRAY

HYMN 442. L. M.

Patience.

PATIENCE, O what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love!
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state;
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we in full sensation feel
The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
We smile amidst our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the port of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall be brought,
Hope shall in full enjoyment die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright world of bliss on high. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 443. Sevens Metre.

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our songs employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the garden yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem, the opening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop its green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Yet to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone. MRS. BARBAULD.

HYMN 444. L. M.

Faith in God in a Time of Distress. *Habakkuk* iii. 17, 18.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the ripening grain:

2 Should lowing herds and bleeting sheep
Around their famish'd master die;
And hope itself expiring weep,
Whilst life deplores its last supply;

3 Amidst the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, *The Lord is mine*,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

4 The God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my hope or trust be vain.

5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy love can bid my pain depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise if thou be mine. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 445. L. M.

Faith in God's Names.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;
He through the world most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abrah'm, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he hath sought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare,
In whispers to suggest a fear ?
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.

6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 446. C. M.

The Brazen Serpent.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The sick forebore to die.

2 " Look upward in th' expiring hour,
And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung ;
High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the blessed hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives. WATTS.

HYMN 447. L. M.

Holiness.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

2 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word. WATTS.

HYMN 448. L. M.

The Reward of faithful Servants. *Dan.* xii. 13.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honour! large reward,
Conferr'd on man by love divine!

3 How happy then the truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!

How happy they whom Heaven employs
To turn rebellious men to God—

4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves!

5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know no change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

6 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is reveal'd;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfill'd.

7 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble dying strength renew.

8 On wings of faith and strong desire
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies! MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 449. C. M.

Death and Heaven.

THERE is a house not made by hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, oh, my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But whilst the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee. WATTS.

HYMN 450. L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

"THIS do in memory of your friend."
Such was the Saviour's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

4 But oh! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!

5 When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne.

HYMN 451. L. M.

The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Can fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields:

4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine;
Or than, if to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.

5 "Be just and kind and humble too,
In all you say, in all you do;
To men, your charity impart,
And love your God with all your heart."

6 This truth, by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirm'd from heaven:
And deep engrav'd, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand. *Reformed Liturgy.*

HYMN 452. L. M.

Love to God and Man.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With sacred fervour and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will. WATTS.

HYMN 453. L. M.

God dwelling with the Humble.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath the stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love. WATTS.

HYMN 454. L. M.

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel.

THUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;

The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commission'd from above.

5 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

6 All power is trusted in my hands,
I will protect you and defend;
Whilst thus you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end."

7 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey!
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserv'd until the final day!

HYMN 455. S. M.

The Lord's Day.

WELCOME, thou day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss. WATTS *altered.*

HYMN 456. C. M.

Repentance and Pardon. Is. lv.

WHEN sinners quit their wicked ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their steps return,
Returning grace will show.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
For, hear the voice divine;
"My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.

3 But, far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond this earth extend,
So far my thoughts, so far my ways,
Your thoughts and ways transcend.

4 Like as the show'rs from heaven distil,
Nor thither rise again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain;

5 So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.

6 Where briars grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature through her utmost bounds
Eternal praises sing." *Scotch Paraphrases.*

HYMN 457. L. M.

The Influence of the Divine Spirit.

WHEN the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my sinking heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Does not his kind and welcome voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than pow'r divine
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me welcome to my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

5 And when my lively hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which gives the vision of thy face?

6 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart;
Blest earnest of the joys above. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 458. L. M.

"Blessed are the Poor in Spirit."

YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest!

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite;

A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
Though earthly kingdoms fade away.

5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend who died for you;
Who died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer;
Confirm to me my int'rest there;
Whatever be my lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

7 O let me hear thy voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 459. C. M.

The Invitation. *Is.* lv.

"YE thirsty souls, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain, all
Without a price may go.

2 "How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?

3 "My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live.

4 "With you a cov'nant I will make,
That ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.

5 "Behold he comes, your Leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd;
A witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.

6 "See, nations hasten to his call
From every distant shore;
Islands unknown shall bow to him,
And Israel's God adore." *Scotch Paraphrases.*

HYMN 460. C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 461. C. M.

True and False Zeal.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

6 Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

7 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love. NEWTON.

HYMN 462. Sevens Metre.

Christ's Invitation. *Matth.* xi. 28.

COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;

Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure. BARBAULD.

HYMN 463. L. M.

Meekness.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess,
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless. SCOTT.

HYMN 464. L. M.

Christian Friendship.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear;
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sick'ning fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love. BARBAULD.

HYMN 465. L. M.

The House of God.

LO, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will. *Salisbury Coll.*

HYMN 466. L. M.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

OH! Source of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were rais'd from night;
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

4 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.

5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way. DRYDEN.

HYMN 467. C. M.

Brotherly Kindness from the Precept and Example of Christ.

YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affection move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love. *Birmingham Coll.*

HYMN 468. P. M.

Before or after Sermon.

LORD of nature! Source of light!
In pity view thy world below:
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and wo.

2 Grant thy Spirit!—By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven:
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness;
Then—conduct us safe to heaven! CALAMY.

HYMN 469. Sevens Metre.

After Sermon.

THANKS for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy home above.

HYMN 470. Eights and Sevens Metre.

For the Close of Public Worship.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !

HYMN 471. Eight, Eight and Six Metre.

Unfading Beauty.

ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly !
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.

2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay ;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.

HYMN 472. C. M.

Voluntary Obedience.

NOT by the terrors of a slave
Do saints perform thy will;
But with the noblest powers they have
Thy blest commands fulfil.

2 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

3 O happy men! O glorious state
Of thy abounding grace;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his blissful face? WATTS.

HYMN 473. C. M.

Progressive Virtue.

MERE human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

2 They, with unweary'd feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

3 On eagles' wing they mount, they soar!
The wings of faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above. WATTS.

HYMN 474. C. M.

Virtue the Source of Peace.

FORSAKE, my soul, the tents of sin;
How false her joys appear!
Noise and confusion dwell within;
Peace is a stranger there.

2 The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share;
Or, if he lifts his chast'ning rod,
'Tis with a Father's care.

3 His mighty power shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.

4 Begin, ye saints, the joyful task,
His praise employ your tongue;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song. HEGINBOTHAM.

HYMN 475. L. M.

Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

HOW blest the man, how more than blest,
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ!
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.

2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heaven-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and bright his view.

3 By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
True virtue soon or late shall rise;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
And share the triumph of the skies.

4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
To every storm an easy prey. BLACKLOCK.

HYMN 476. C. M.

Seeking first the Kingdom of God.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While suns and stars decay.

3 No more I seek for transient good,
Nor longer call it mine:
I spring to seize superior joys
Immortal and divine.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 477. L. M.

Faith in the Invisible God.

ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendours none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom:
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire;
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 478. L. M.

Gratitude.

LORD! when my thoughts delighted rove
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids my fears and doubts depart.

2 Be all my heart and all my ways
Devoted to thy fervent praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 479. C. M.

Charity essential to the Christian Character.

THOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
The sweet persuasive tongue;
Though I could speak in higher strains
Than ever angels sung:

2 Though prophecy my soul inspir'd,
And made all mysteries plain!
Yet were I void of christian love,
These gifts were all in vain

3 Although with liberal hands I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Or gave my body to the flames;
Still, fruitless were the deed.

4 Nay, though my faith, with boundless power,
Even mountains could remove;
I still am nothing, if I'm void
Of pure celestial love. *Edinburgh Coll.*

HYMN 480. C. M.

The Law of Love.

ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine sympathetic chain,
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain
Link'd to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond! the christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbour is the suff'ring man,
Though at the farthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith, in Christ profess'd,
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is bless'd. DRENNAN.

HYMN 481. C. M.

Charity.

DAUGHTERS of pity, tune the lay;
To mourners joy belongs;
While he that wipes all tears away
Accepts our thankful songs.

2 No altars smoke, no off'rings bleed,
No guiltless lives expire;
To help a brother in his need
Is all our rites require.

3 Our off'ring is a willing mind
To comfort the distrest;
In others' good our own to find,
In others' blessings blest.

4 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant a rose.

5 Go where the friendless stranger lies,
To perish in his doom:

Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.

6 Thus, what our heavenly Father gave,
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who liv'd to save,
And died that we might live. HAMPSON.

HYMN 482. L. M.

Christian Zeal tempered by Charity.

GREAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul!
When sunk too low or rais'd too high,
Teach me those passions to control.

2 Temper the fervours of my frame;
Be charity their constant spring;
And O! let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.

3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will;
While hope and heaven-ey'd faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal:—

4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love. WATTS.

HYMN 483. Sevens Metre.

Praise for Redemption. *Ps.* cxxx. 7. *Luke.* i. 68. 1 *Pet.* i. 18. 19.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
By the power of heavenly love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love. RIPPON'S *Coll.*

HYMN 484. Hallelujah Metre.

Jubilee *Lev.* xxv. 10, 39, 40, 41. *Isa.* lii. 3.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption, by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim;

The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
The heritage above ;
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace :
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. TOPLADY'S *Coll.*

HYMN 485. S. M.

Sabbatic Year. *Lev.* xxv. 13, 20, 21. *Mat.* vi. 25.

BLESS'D are the eyes that see,
The ears are bless'd that hear
The trumpet of the jubilee ;
The great sabbatic year.

2 We plough, nor sow no more,
Nor toil for living bread ;
For we've a never-failing store,
A table plenteous spread.

3 The servant now is free;
The hateful heavy yoke
(That all might taste true liberty)
From every neck is broke.

4 Th' inheritance, once sold,
Which the poor bankrupt mourns,
To the true owner, without gold
Or price, it now returns.

5 O, Jesus! ever bless'd,
Thou art our jubilee;
Our restoration, and our rest,
Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.

6 Thy name, O bleeding King,
Shall dwell on all our tongues;
And every heart inspir'd shall sing
Thy praise in all their songs. JAMES RELLY.

HYMN 486. C. M.

Praise. *Ps.* cvii. 8. *Isa.* xxxiv. 3—6.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

2 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy. WESLEY'S *Coll.*

HYMN 487. L. M.

Increase of the Church. *Isa.* ii. 2. *Hab.* ii. 14. *Mic.* iv. 1.

SHOUT! for the blessed Jesus reigns;
Through distant lands his triumphs spread:
And sinners, freed from guilt and pain,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive!
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

3 Oppressors now beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power:
Princes in humble posture wait:
And proud blasphemers learnt t' adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love. BEDDOME.

HYMN 488. Hallelujah Metre.

Kingdom of Christ. *Dan.* ii. 44. *Psa.* xxii. 27. lxvii. 3, 4.

ALL hail, redeeming Lord!
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thy arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all conqu'ring King!

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls like drops of dew
Shall own thy gentle sway!
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure. WESLEY'S *Coll.*

HYMN 489. P. M.

Salvation of God. *Exo.* xiv. 18, 14. xv. 2, 21. *Lam.* iii. 26.

CANAAN promis'd is before;
Come let us forward go,
Not the ocean, nor its roar,
Nor the Egyptian foe,
May obstruct, when God commands;
His power on our behalf he shows:
Move we forward to the land,
Where milk with honey flows.

2 Pharaoh's host, our flesh and sense,
Press hard upon our rear;
Vainly strive to cause offence,
Or make the spirit fear:
God protects us in his hand,
Whilst vengeance on his foes he throws:
Move we forward to the land
Where milk with honey flows.

3 Roaring floods clap hands aloud,
To drive us back again;
Seas of trials vastly crowd
T' affright the sons of men:
Jesus bids us quiet stand,
Whilst he his great salvation shows:

Move we forward to the land,
Where milk with honey flows.

4 Seas divide before our face,
And stand upon a heap;
Mighty waters, by his grace,
Shrink from the fearful deep:
On we march at his command,
Nor dread the pow'r of our foes:
Move we forward to the land,
Where milk with honey flows.

5 Love, which God to us doth show,
Strikes the Egyptians dead;
Floods, which give us passage through,
Return upon their head:
Dead we see them on the strand,
Nor can they further us pursue;
We are in Immanuel's land,
Where milk with honey flows. JAMES RELLY.

HYMN 490. L. M.

The Healing Power of Jesus. *Matt.* viii. 16, 17. ix. 35. xi. 4.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and ascends to God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

W-

HYMN 491. S. M.

Praise. *Psa.* lxviii. 4. ciii. 1, 4.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal king.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take the wand'rers home. WESLEY'S *Coll.*

HYMN 492. L. M.

Image of the invisible. *Heb.* i. 3.

NOW, in the face of Jesus, we
God's brightest form of glory see;
Beaming with mild and heavenly rays,
He all his Father's grace displays.

2 Blest image of the eternal God,
Here his rich glories shine abroad;
With a resplendent lustre shine
His power, his truth, and love divine.

3 Of all creation the first born;
Of all that heaven's bright courts adorn,
He as a Prince and Sov'reign reigns,
Almighty power his throne sustains.

4 It pleas'd the eternal Fulness well,
In Christ the Lord alone to dwell;
From this rich Fountain freely flows
[illegible]lief for all our woes. PEACOCK.

HYMN 494. C. M.

Begotten again unto a lively Hope. 1 *Pet.* i. 3, 4. 2 *Cor.* v. 1.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

WATTS.

HYMN 495. C. M.

For a Fast Day.

WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom su'd;

2 With what success, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Good God! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Our country, guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast;

See their united prayers ascend ;
And shall these prayers be lost ?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes ?

6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode :
Long has thy presence blest our land ;
Forsake us not, O God !

7 O may our people, rulers, priests,
Thy choicest blessings share ;
And know thee by that glorious name,
" The God who heareth pray'r !"

West Boston Coll.

HYMN 496. L. M.

Before Sermon. 1*Pet.* iv. 11. 1*Chron.* xvi. 29.

COME worship at our Father's feet ;
See, in his face, what wonders meet !
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 When shall we climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise !
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And shines and reigns the God of grace !

3 Nor earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face. WHITFIELD's *Coll.*

HYMN 497. S. M.

Lord's Supper. *Rom.* xii. 4, 5. *Luke* xxiv. 30. 35.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

4 Here fix my roving heart!
Here wait my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 498. C. M.

Blessings on Him that cometh in the Name of the Lord. *Luke xiii. 35.*

NOW blessing, honour, glory, praise
By angel hosts are sung;
The saints below their voices raise
And join the heavenly throng.

2 Ador'd be he who comes to bless
The nations with his love;
To show his truth and righteousness,
And every cloud remove.

3 Blessed be he who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land:
Jerusalem is built again,
And shall forever stand.

4 No more this kingdom shall decay,
No more the temple fall;
Here Jesus reigns with boundless sway,
The King and Lord of all. PROUD.

HYMN 499. Hallelujah Metre.

The Resurrection.

MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine:

Sweet truth to me, I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay,
Sweet truth, &c.

3 My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth, &c.

4 I said sometimes with tears,
"Ah me, I'm loth to die!"
Lord, silence thou those fears,
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth, &c.

5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I sha'nt part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth, &c.

HYMN 500. L. M.

The Heavenly Bridegroom. *Psa* xxiv. 7 to 10.

COME in, thou blessed, honour'd Lord,
By earth, by heav'n, by all ador'd;
We hail thee welcome; take thy throne,
And in thy Zion reign alone.

2 Our only Lord and God thou art,
Reign thou the sov'reign of the heart!
Thou King of glory, ever bless'd,
By angels and by men confess'd.

3 Enter thy church, thou Lord divine,
And be the kingdom ever thine!

We shout thee welcome to thy seat,
And lay our honours at thy feet.

4 O happy church, thy bliss how great!
Thy King, in all his heavenly state,
With thee for ever will reside,
Thy Husband he and thou the bride.

5 O God, our grateful hearts rejoice,
Since thou hast made our souls thy choice;
While here, our songs to thee shall rise,
And join the chorus of the skies. PROUD.

HYMN 501. C. M.

Christian Virtues.

HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part:
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast:
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd;
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sov'reign good
Can claim his highest love. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 502. L. M.

Self-Government.

O THOU, whose scales the mountains weigh!
Whose will the raging seas obey!
Thou who canst boist'rous winds control!
Subdue the tumults of my soul.

2 May I with equal mind sustain
My lot of pleasure and of pain;
May joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

3 Do thou my passions, Lord! restrain,
And in my soul, unrivalled, reign;
Then, with whatever loads oppress'd,
Center'd in thee, my soul shall rest.

4 O when shall my still-wavering mind
This sweetest self-possession find!
Fountain of joy! I long to see
In thee my peace—my heav'n in thee! WATTS.

HYMN 503. L. M.

Humility.

WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature man!

5 God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find. ENFIELD.

HYMN 504. L. M.

Communing with our Hearts.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retir'd and silent seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
True strength to break temptation's snare.

3 And thou, my God! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 505. L. P. M.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
And gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd
His glory's future harvest sow'd:
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
His conscience bears his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope. WATTS.

HYMN 506. C. M.

Secret Devotion.

FATHER Divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

3 I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour,

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 507. C. M.

Prayer for Support in Old Age and Death.

ETERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high!
Whom heavenly hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh:
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.

3 My flying years time urges on;
What's human must decay;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends. WILLIAMS's *Coll.*

HYMN 508. C. M.

An Evening Hymn.

SEE! the bright monarch of the day
In ocean dips his beams;
While from his brow a parting ray
In milder glory streams.

2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns;
And finely paints, with silver light,
The mountains, vales, and plains.

3 The planets in progression rise
And shine from pole to pole;
Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
And charms th' attentive soul.

4 The starry arch in grandeur glows,
Through all its ample round:
Great God! thy power no limit knows,
Thy wisdom knows no bound. *Gent. Magazine.*

HYMN 509. Eight, Eight, and Six Metre.

Close of Service.

LORD, may thy humble servants here
Thy words regard with watchful care,
And with affection strong;
May no false charm cause us to stray
From wisdom's strait and narrow way,
Forbidden paths among.

2 While we recount thy favours o'er,
And contemplate that boundless store
Whence all our comforts flow,
May gratitude to thee arise,
While ev'ry sin within us dies,
And each internal foe.

3 Wash'd by thy word of truth from sin,
May purity be found within
These hearts which sin beguil'd;
And O! thou kindest friend above,
Preserve us by thy constant love
From that which has defil'd.

4 Through all our future days may we
With circumspection worship thee,
In spirit and in truth;
And when decaying nature dies,
Grant us a mansion in the skies
To bloom in endless youth. H. Ballou.

HYMN 510. Eight, Eight and Six Metre.

Call to true Liberty.

YE heavy-laden'd, come repose,
Forsake your burdens and your woes,
And enter into rest;
In error's night why will you roam,
Like wand'rers lost and far from home?
To grace, you're welcome guests.

2 Why longer will you peace refuse,
Sin's servitude and bondage choose,
In room of liberty?

Hark, hear the voice of JESUS cry,
"To me, ye weary souls draw nigh,
My grace shall set you free.

3 Vain, haughty souls, my meekness learn;
Humility shall soon disarm
The tyrant of the heart;
From burdens give a full discharge,
From bondage shall the soul enlarge,
And peace divine impart.

4 Burdens are light impos'd by me;
My service is true liberty;
Freedom my laws require:
Come, then, my easy yoke receive,
My laws obey, my grace believe,
The fulness of desire." H. BALLOU.

HYMN 511. Six Line Long Metre.

Before or after Sermon. *Ps.* cxix. 33, 36.

WHILE here as wand'ring sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way!
Dispose our hearts, with willing awe,
To love thy word, and keep thy law;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

2 Great source of light to all below!
Teach us thy holy will to know;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight;
That, purg'd from vain desires, our mind
In thee its only good may find.

3 Maker, Instructer, Judge of all,
O hear us when on thee we call!
To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
Thy grace, and guiding influence!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise! MERRICK.

HYMN 512. Sevens Metre.

The acceptable Worshipper. *Ps.* xv.

WHO shall tow'rds thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favour'd feet?
Who shall at thine altar bend?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warm'd;
He whose will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

3 He, who thus, with heart unstain'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd,
He shall tow'rds thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favour'd feet;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

MERRICK.

HYMN 513. L. M.

Hymn to the Deity.

GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies:
And when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n:

4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;

Who, sick'ning at the present scene,
Sigh for that better state to come :

5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
All feel thy providential care ;
And through each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest :

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey :
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee. DYER.

HYMN 514. C. M.

For the Communion.

WHEN Asia's mighty conqueror died,
His followers shared his realm,
Yet, O how soon did ruin's tide
Them and their thrones o'erwhelm !

2 Had every monarch from his throne
By *Jesus'* arm been hurl'd ;
Had he, the conqueror, held alone
The sceptre of the world ;—

3 Had his apostles shared the globe ;
Had all the orient gems
That deck the royal Persian's robe
Blaz'd on their diadems :—

4 Thron'd on the Egyptian's pyramid,
Old Time had seen their power
All crumble, as the Grecian's did,
And wither like a flower.

5 This Jesus knew : and, ere the thorns
Around his head were prest,
The banquet which this board adorns
He spread for *all*, and blest.

6 Then gave he gems of hope to shine
Around this goblet's brim :
Then dropp'd a pearl into this wine,—
THE MEMORY OF HIM. PIERPONT.

HYMN 515. Hallelujah Metre.

Grateful Praise.

TO your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :
Let every voice
His name adore, proclaim his power,
And loud rejoice.

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray ;
From morn to night,
Record his name, with every beam,
Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
With countless rays
Prolong the theme, declare his name,
Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
A general song from every tongue
Of grateful praise.

5 But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;

And every thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise,
Above the rest, ye highly blest;
Declare his praise. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 516. C. M.

Creation of Man.

A GOD, a God, the wide earth shouts!
A GOD! the heavens reply:
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

2 "Let us make man":—with beauty clad,
And health in every vein,
And reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.

3 Around he turn'd his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself;
And tries his tongue in praise.

4 Ye hills, and vales! ye meads, and woods!
Sun! with o'erpowering glare,
Fair creatures, tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what ye are?

5 What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast unknown! DARWIN.

HYMN 517. C. M.

The Example of Jesus.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek he stood!
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labour'd for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd;
While humble pray'r and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share! ENFIELD.

HYMN 518. C. M.

Christian Charity.

BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands!
His weeping followers gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

3 Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:

4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel;

And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows
And brings unask'd relief.

6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

8 To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love. BARBAULD.

HYMN 519. C. M.

The aged Christian's Prayer. *Ps.* lxxi. 17, 18.

GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
I've seen thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age:
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove:
Oh! may these poor remains of breath
Proclaim thy boundless love! WATTS.

HYMN 520. S. M.

Reliance upon God.

MY Father !—cheering name !
O may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy will denies
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise :
O bend my will to thine !

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father !—blissful name !
Above expression dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 521. S. M.

Light and Deliverance.

THE trav'ller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

3 To slaves oppress'd with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end!

4 Thus dear that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.

5 My God! to gospel light
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free:
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee! MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 522. C. M.

The Vicissitudes of Providence.

THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows
Are variously convey'd;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.

2 While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

4 Then, christian ! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care ;
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair. MRS. STEELE

HYMN 523. P. M.

God the only Refuge of the Afflicted.

HOW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage, and praise
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days !

2 Thou alone, the author of all !
The faithful, unchangeable friend !
Thou alone our griefs canst remove,
Thou alone from evils defend.

3 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;
To him who alone can relieve
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.

4 When my heart throbb'd pain and alarm,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame ;
My soul on my Maker was staid.

5 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no one was able to save,
Thou brighten'st the valley of death,
And illum'st the gloom of the grave.

6 In mercy thy spirit dispels
The shade of calamity's night ;
And turns the sad scenes of despair
To mornings of joy and delight.

7 Great source of my comforts restor'd !
Thou healer and balm of my woes !
Thou hope and desire of my soul !
On mercy I'll ever repose.

8 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise,
The fountain of all I possess,
The light and the life of my days ! JERVIS.

HYMN 524. Six Line Long Metre.

Imploring divine Mercy. *Ps* CXXX.

OUT of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heaven we raise our warm address;
Deign, O our God! to hear our pray'r:
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.

2 Shouldst thou, O God! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide;
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!

3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord,
Before his throne our souls attend:
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fix'd, our hopes depend:
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.

4 Ye pious minds! on God rely:
With full assurance in him trust;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will at length absolve his heirs,
From all their guilt and all their fears. DENHAM.

HYMN 525. Sevens Metre.

A Penitential Hymn.

GOD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.

3 Foolish fear and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs ! TAYLOR.

HYMN 526. C. M.

The Designs of Providence in the Changes and Revolutions of the World.

GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise ;
But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare ;
Stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost ;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and wo prevail,
And desolation wide ;
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way :
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view conceal'd ;

The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd!

7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan. JERVIS *altered.*

HYMN 527. Six Line Long Metre.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

HOW rich thy gifts, almighty king!
From thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs,
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain. KIPPIS.

HYMN 528. Hallelujah Metre.

God our Preserver in a sickly Season. *Ps.* cxxi.

UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid;
The God who built the skies,
Who earth and nature made.
God is the tow'r
To which we fly; his grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,

Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep, thy servants keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away
If God be with us there.
Thou art our sun,
And thou our shade, to guard our head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust thee, Lord,
To keep our mortal breath:
We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till from on high
Thou call us come. WATTS.

HYMN 529. Sevens Metre.

Meditations in the Night Season.

WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.

2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way:

3 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.

4 Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise;

5 Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear:
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart;

6 Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love,
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee! DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 530. P. M.

Concluding Hymn of General Praise.

ONE general song of praise arise
To him whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthron'd beyond the skies,
And life, and breath, on all bestows.
Great source of intellect, thine ear
Benign receives our vows sincere;
Rise then, our active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to him your praise, responsive to our will.

2 Let all of good their bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due:
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.
To him our every thought ascend,
To him our hopes, our wishes bend.
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
And his own word convey the pious sacrifice.

3 In ardent adoration join'd,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combin'd,
Thy just desires, O God, fulfil.
From thee deriv'd, eternal king,
To thee our noblest powers we bring:
O may thy hand direct our wandering way,
O bid thy light arise and chase the clouds away.

HYMN 531. S. M.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

IN God's eternity,
Shall there a day arise,
When all that's born of men shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

2 As night before the ray
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

3 As music fills the grove,
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems, of redeeming love,
Shall all employ at last.

4 Redeem'd from death and sin,
Shall Adam's num'rous race,
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace. H. BALLOU.

HYMN 532. C. M.

A Prayer.

O THOU, whose power the mountains form'd,
And made the sea his bed;
Who sat his raging waves their bound,
And all his caverns hid.

2 The mountains thy commands obey,
The seas thy power confess;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.

3 O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word
Their lofty summits bend.

4 And o'er the raging seas of guilt,
May thy rich grace abound,
While in the blood which Jesus spilt,
Each angry wave is drown'd.

5 In darkest caverns of the heart,
Wilt thou thy light display;
And to the visual pow'r impart,
Thine own eternal day. H. Ballou.

HYMN 533. C. M.

The Success of the Gospel.

THE thirsty earth receives the rain,
And drinks the cooling show'rs;
Fresh verdure re-adorns the plain,
And wakes the drooping flow'rs.

2 The blushing mead, the fertile field,
Shall be with blessings fill'd,
And seed to him in plenty yield,
Who has its bosom till'd.

3 Rich harvest round the world shall spread,
God's goodness all shall see;
And every mouth with finest bread
Shall satisfied be.

4 The living word of life divine
Its conquests shall extend;
Till every heart, in every clime,
Shall in submission bend.

5 Uninterrupted hymns shall flow
From every creature's tongue:
And praise harmonious below,
In concert shall be sung. Wallace.

HYMN 534. L. M.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

IN social temples here we meet,
Our God to worship as we please:
We find the blest occasion sweet,
And happy in supreme degrees.

2 In this our highly favour'd land,
No civil power can interfere:

Nor issue edicts of command
To mar our sacred pleasures here.

3 We sit beneath the gospel vine,
And in its cooling shade repose;
Refresh our spirits with its wine,
And in the pleasure lose our woes.

4 In it we have unfading health;
Our sins, our pains, our sorrows heal'd;
It opens stores of boundless wealth,
In the eternal cov'nant seal'd.

5 Then let us tune the joyful string,
And speak of mercy in our song;
To God our thankful off'rings bring,
To whom our praises all belong. WALLACE.

HYMN 535. C. M.

The Cause of Labour and Reproach.

WHY should the servants of the Lord,
Who labour in his name,
Be made to bear the scoffing word
Of base reproach and shame?

2 Why are the messengers of peace
Reviled and abus'd?
And why their messages of grace
So carelessly refus'd?

3 Because they trust in God alone,
And human creeds deny;
That he will bring the nations home,
And raise his glory high.

4 But they shall prosper and succeed,
And truth triumphant roll;
Till all shall know the Lord indeed,
On earth, from pole to pole.

5 All shall the gospel voice obey,
Its blessings shall receive;
But blest especially are they
Who now do it believe. WALLACE.

HYMN 596. S. M.

Devotion.

LET pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame,
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name.

2 How perfect and how free
Our heavenly Father's love,
He gave his only son that we
Might dwell with him above.

3 His word, like drops of dew,
Descends on every heart,
Subdues and fashions us anew,
And bids our sins depart.

4 His grace our faith sustains,
And dissipates our fear:
Binds all our wounds, abates our pains,
And gives us comfort here.

5 He bids our willing eyes
Look through the gloomy shade,
To joys immortal in the skies,
That never cloy nor fade.

WALLACE.

HYMN 597. L. M.

The Greatness and Glory of God's Works.

HOW great is our Creator God,
In wisdom, majesty and might;
When he displays his power abroad,
And brings his wonders forth to light.

2 Behold what cloudy columns rise,
Terrific as the shades of night;
What peals of thunder rend the skies,
The light'ning, how sublimely bright.

3 How dreadful is the threat'ning hail;
Th' approaching tempest, O how grand!

What terror doth the mind assail,
When deep convulsions shake the land.

4 The seas with hollow murmurs groan,
The bowels of the mountains flame;
The elements affrighted own
The awful greatness of thy name.

5 Almighty God! thy chariot wheels
In solemn pomp and grandeur roll;
Thy presence trembling nature feels,
And humble rev'rence fills our souls. WALLACE.

HYMN 538. C. M.

Pleasing Contemplations on Nature.

WHAT beauteous visions, clear and bright,
Attract our ravish'd eyes;
By shining day, and silent night,
On earth and in the skies.

2 The dawning beam of morn how clear,
That bids the night adieu;
How pleasant do those rays appear,
That gild the early dew.

3 How soft, how sweet, that robe of green,
That virgin nature wears;
How lovely is the flow'ry scene
She on her bosom bears.

4 Those fleecy clouds that float on high
Are pleasing to behold;
And bright the jewels of the sky,
Cerulean, set with gold.

5 Thus nature smiles in liv'ry gay,
Doth heavenly wisdom tell,
And whispers goodness in the ray,
That bids the day farewell. WALLACE.

HYMN 539. S. M.

Christ the Tree of Life.

BEHOLD the living tree,
Th' inspired prophet saw;
Whose fruit is to all nations free,
Unguarded by the law.

2 No flaming swords descend
The garden's sacred ground;
No dire denunciations rend
The ear with piercing sound.

3 Come, and its fruit partake,
Its healing leaves apply;
Its virtues will re-animate
And raise your spirits high.

4 'Tis for the nations' use,
To heal their every wound;
Its colours, and its balmy juice,
Make health and life abound.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord,
Prefigur'd by the tree;
The gospel is the healing word,
That sets the sinner free.

WALLACE.

HYMN 540. C. M.

Grateful Recognition of Divine Goodness.

TO thee, O God, my thoughts ascend,
My joy and glory here;
My portion and my heavenly friend,
And my Redeemer dear.

2 Mercy and tenderness and grace,
And truth, with love divine,
Appear in thy sweet smiling face,
And with compassion shine.

3 I find a full supply for all
My wants, O God, in thee;
Thine ear attends my every call;
Thy goodness succours me.

4 In evening shadows, when I sleep,
Or morning when I rise,
Thou dost my moments safely keep,
And bring me rich supplies.

5 Thy tender mercies, Lord, I trace
In all my paths around;
And ev'ry day, in ev'ry place,
Thy fulness doth abound.

6 Friendship and safety, rest and health
From thy compassion flow;
And stores of intellectual wealth
Thou freely dost bestow.

7 Receive my humble thankfulness,
As all I can return;
And let not thy abundant grace
The willing off'ring spurn. WALLACE.

HYMN 541. C. M.

Shortness of Time improved.

TIME wings our moments swift away;
Again the shades appear;
Ev'ning returns; the close of day
Comes with the rolling sphere.

2 Thus we to dissolution tend;
Our steps approach the urn;
Our lives approximate their end,
And we to dust return.

3 May we improve the solemn thought
With understanding mind;
Be wisdom by experience taught,
And we to heaven resign'd.

4 Sure this abode of mortal clay
Is not our place of rest;
But we approach a perfect day,
To be more richly blest.

5 Then let our hearts in love rejoice
At night's returning shade,
And with a happy, cheerful voice,
Its silent reign pervade. WALLACE.

HYMN 542. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

ANOTHER six days work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Improve, my soul! the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be bless'd.

2 This day may our devotions rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
May heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it, know.

3 This holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
In hope, we future mercies taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end! STENNET.

HYMN 543. L. M.

God our Shepherd and Guardian.

AS the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flowery landscape flow;

2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control:
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.

3 Though I should journey through the plains
Where death in all his horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, my God! art with me there.

4 Thine ever-watchful providence
Is my support and my defence:
With thee I am of all possessed,
And in thy favour, fully blessed.

5 O bounteous God! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And wond'rous grace shall be my theme. POPE's *Coll.*

HYMN 544. Sevens Metre.

Commencement of Publick Worship.

AT the portals of thy house,
Lord! we leave our mortal cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers:
Pure and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2 Hapless men whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
To their feet thy light afford:
Let the world united join
To extol thy love divine. J. TAYLOR.

HYMN 545. S. M.

The Pleasures of Religion.

COME, ye who love the Lord!
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make your pleasures less.

3 God, your eternal Friend,
No present good denies;
And when the scenes of time shall end,
Will call you to the skies.

4 There shall you see his face,
And never, never sin:
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 The sons of God have found,
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

6 Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high. WATTS.

HYMN 546. L. P. M.

God the unfailing Source of Good.

GIVE to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs,
Whose goodness still unceasing flows;
Repeat his name with grateful mind,
Who, ever good and ever kind,
Nor change, nor variation knows.

2 Sovereign alone of earth and sky!
On thee, for every hour's supply,
Thy various creatures all depend;
Man, whom thy light has given to know
The source whence all his blessings flow,
Views in his God his kindest friend!

3 Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate in ardent praise
Eternal life through Jesus given;
Thy gracious messenger he came,
For ever blessed be thy name!
And pointed out the way to heaven. *Exeter Coll.*

HYMN 547. L. M.

The blessings of Divine Worship.

GOD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
And loves to see that worship rise,
Which forms his offspring for the skies.

2 His mercy every house attends,
Whence pure devotion's flame ascends;
And ever lends a gracious ear,
Where churches join in praise and prayer.

3 To men of pure and pious hearts,
All real good their God imparts;
With grace he crowns them here below.
And endless glory will bestow.

4 His blessing yields a large increase
Of wisdom, and of sacred peace;
While ripening holiness and love
Prepare their soul for joys above.

5 Father supreme! whose sovereign sway,
All worlds, all beings must obey;
May our first wish and object be,
On earth, in heaven, to dwell with thee. *Exeter Coll.*

HYMN 548. L. P. M.

The Works and the Word of God.

GREAT God, the heaven's well ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence, they raise,
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Wide as the circuit of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, in robes of splendour dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Moves round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of God:
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines,
Bright in the book of nature's lines,
But brighter in the book of grace. WATTS.

HYMN 549. L. P. M.

The Book of Grace. *Ps.* xix.

HOW precious, Lord! thy holy word!
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
While gospel-truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.

3 From the discoveries of thy law
What perfect rules of life we draw!
Be these our study and delight:
May every deed, and word and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well-pleasing in thy sight.

4 Oh may thy word those faults reveal,
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain!

Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain. WATTS, *alt.*

HYMN 550. Double Long Metre.

God seen in all.

MY God! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning rich in lustre breaks
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or, when in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wandering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise. MISS WILLIAMS.

HYMN 551. Tens and Elevens Metre.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name!
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim:
To God, their creator,
Let all creatures raise,
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

2 Though hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works,
Their author is known:
The world shines a mirror
Its Maker to show,
And heav'n views its image
Reflected below.

3 Those agents of power,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the Most High;
Who rides on the whirlwind
While clouds veil his form;
Who smiles in the sunbeam,
Or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renewed

To God, his creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise! PARK.

HYMN 552. S. M.

Heaven.

FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above. MRS. STEELE, *alt.*

HYMN 553. L. P. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;

Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let ev'ry pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

HYMN 554. C. M.

Supplication.

TO thee, O God! my pray'r ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores:

2 Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name,
Nor greatness with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame:—

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure:
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and hope of joys to come
My best affections move;
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love.

5 These are the blessings I desire:
Lord, be these blessings mine!
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

HYMN 555. L. M.

Supplication for Divine Favour.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way.
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Saviour, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 556. C. M.

The Christian Character.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A dread and hatred of all sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve:
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.

3 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me mourn, and weep, and pray,
For having griev'd thy love!

6 O! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
That I may find that grace again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 557. L. M.

At the Ordination of a Minister.

O THOU who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise,—that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer—that thou would'st wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and Heaven
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

4 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death; by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppress;
O God! remember then our prayer;
And take his spirit to thy rest. PIERPONT.

HYMN 558. S. M.

The Christian Character.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame,
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near.
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall the Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

HYMN 559. L. M.

Faith.

LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone,
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the pow'rs of hell defy'd.
Floods of temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

3 When storms and tempests round prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail;
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide.

HYMN 560. C. M.

Faith.

HAPPY the man, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain ;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.

3 He knows, that all these glittering things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they flee away !

4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view ; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

5 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come :
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

HYMN 561. Six, Six and Four Metre.

Praise.

MAY all our pow'rs of mind,
To God, our Father kind,
An anthem raise ;
Whose cloud of glory bright,
With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night ;
O sing his praise.

2 The God of truth and grace
Unveils his radient face,
And breaks the pow'r
Of superstition's chain ;
His grace shall ever reign,
And righteousness maintain,
While we adore.

3 As the blest morning ray
Drives darkness far away,
Behold his love
Our night of sin illumes,
Our hatred all consumes,
Each heart with grace perfumes,
In courts above.

4 All creatures shall combine
To sing this grace divine,
And sound his fame,
Who saves the world from sin,
And righteousness brings in:
O let us now begin
To praise his name! H. Ballow.

HYMN 562. C. M.

The Rainbow, magnificent Work of God's hand.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

2 Still seem as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the Earth and Heaven.

3 Can all that opticks teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

4 When Science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

5 And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

6 When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's cov'nant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch the sacred sign?

7 And when its yellow lustre smil'd
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

8 Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first Poet sang.

9 The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

10 How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.

11 As fresh in yon horizon dark,
Do young thy beauties seem
As when the eagle from the Ark
First sported in thy beam.

12 For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man. T. CAMPBELL.

HYMN 563. Tens Metre.

Paraphrase of Psalm 150.

PRAISE Nature's King, the God whose glory shines,
Thro' Nature's works, in all his great designs;
Exalt his holiness, his deeds proclaim;
Those noble acts which grace his sacred name.

2 Let all creation to his greatness sing,
The lute the harp the martial trumpet bring;
In lofty strains let swelling music flow—
The tabours strike, the deep-ton'd organs blow.

3 With gentle sounds the well-tun'd cymbals raise,
With louder notes, then, let those cymbals praise;
Let all whose varied lives his power confess,
Conspire to praise his name, their God to bless.

C. WARD.

HYMN 564. Eights Metre.

Version of Psalm 148.

TO praise the Lord be our delight,
O praise him in the arched height:
Ye Hosts and Angels of his own
Warble loud praise to him alone:

2 Ye sun and moon, the eyes of day
And dewy night, his praise display:
Ye stars, and thou, O light, awake
Loud voiced music for his sake:

3 All ye heavens, spread out on high,
Ring with the golden melody:
And, all ye waters, laid in store
Above the heavens, in song adore:

4 Let them in grateful concert praise
The Lord, and magnify his ways:
Be his eternal love display'd,
Who spake the word, and they were made:

5 By whom, let not your voices spare,
They, and all things created were:
Who has secur'd them by a law,
Which holds eternity in awe:

6 And on the earth, O praise the Lord;
Ye monstrous deeps, your praise afford:
Thou burning fire, and hail, and snow,
And vapours, your great Author know:

7 And wind and storm, that keep his word;
Mountains and hills, O praise the Lord:
And fruitful trees and cedars tall,
And beasts and grazing cattle all:

8 Praise him, ye birds on charter'd wings,
And praise him, all ye creeping things;
Ye throned kings, and people praise,
And judges, his eternal ways:

9 And youth; and in his name rejoice,
Old men and babes, with equal voice:

O let them sing his holy worth,
Whose praise is over heav'n and earth:
He shall his chosen people raise,
And all his saints consent in praise:
Yea, Israel; and defend from blame
A people faithful to his name. LORD THURLOW.

HYMN 565. L. M.

Emmaus. A Sacred Ode.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening." *Luke* xxiv. 29.

ABIDE with us, the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And as the ling'ring twilight fades,
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

2 Abide with us—the night is chill;
And damp and cheerless is the air;
Be our companion, Stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.

3 Abide with us—thy converse sweet
Has well beguil'd the tedious way;
With such a friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate thy longer stay.

4 Abide with us—for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
Like balm thy honied accents flow,
Our wounded spirits feel their pow'r.

5 Abide with us—and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore;
What wond'rous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

6 Abide with us—and still converse
Of him who late on Calv'ry died;
Of him the prophecies rehearse,
He was our friend they crucified.

7 Abide with us—our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

8 Abide with us—we feel the charm,
That binds us to our unknown friend;
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, Stranger, let thy wand'rings end.

9 Abide with us—to their request
The Stranger bows, with smiles divine;
Then round the board the unknown guest
And weary travellers recline.

10 Abide with us—amaz'd they cry,
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head!

11 Abide with us—thou heavenly Friend,
Leave not thy foll'wers thus alone:
The sweet communion here must end,—
The heav'nly visitant is gone! T. Raffles.

HYMN 566. Eights Metre.

New Year.

HOW short and how fleeting the year,
Unheeded, unthought of, 'tis past;
The sound but just glanc'd on my ear
To the day that is number'd its last!

2 The circle returns on its course,
The days are revolving again,
Thus is renew'd the still source,
Whence issue both pleasure and pain.

3 What changes with time do ensue,
How varied each aspect I see;
Each object presents to my view,
A suitable lesson to me!

4 For time must be brought to its close,
And ages will cease to be more,
All nature will bask in repose,
And varying seasons be o'er.

5 But yet over all shall survive,
In beauty, which ruin unfurls—

Religion for ever shall live,
And be the survivor of worlds ;

6 And, proof 'midst the general scene,
Gainst such devastation and woe,
Midst misery, calm and serene,
Unspeakable joy she shall know.

7 Oh, then, this is wisdom indeed,
To be cloth'd with such virtue as this,
And now while the offer is made,
To take the first proffer of peace.

8 Then years will not waste me away,
But bear me with joy on their wing,
And I shall behold the glad day,
Whence life, never ending, shall spring.

Liverpool Mag.

HYMN 567. Eights Metre.

On Mark iv. ver. 37 to 41 inclusive.

HOW oft on the ocean of life,
Do billows on billows arise ;
And the winds, with harassing strife,
Blow clouds of dismay o'er the skies !

2 The sails of prosperity torn,
Leave us with the tempest to cope ;
And scarcely, our state's so forlorn,
Find room for the anchor of Hope.

3 Yet still with the compass of Faith,
The chart of the Gospel on board ;
We may smile on the whirlpool beneath
Assur'd that our pilot's the Lord.

4 And why should we ever mistrust
While Christ in the steerage is laid ?
He seems to be sleeping at first,
But wakes when we call for his aid.

5 " Ah, why did ye fear ?" he will cry,
Then speaking His word of control,
All danger and terror shall fly,
And leave a sweet calm on the soul. E. W—

HYMN 568. L. M.

Desiring to Praise God.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital pow'rs belong;
Thy praise, (delightful, glorious theme!)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

2 My heart, my life, my tongue are thine:
O be thy praise their blest employ!
But may my song with angels join,
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy!

3 Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
On all its strings attempts in vain;
Then how shall mortals dare aspire
In thought, to try th' unequal strain?

4 Yet the great Sov'reign of the skies
To mortals bends a gracious ear;
Nor the mean tribute will despise,
If offer'd with a heart sincere,

5 Great God, accept the humble praise,
And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
While to thy name I trembling raise
The grateful, though unworthy song. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 569. L. M.

God the Soul's only Portion. *Lam.* iii. 4.

IN vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile:
Deluding world! its brightest day,
Dream of a moment, fleets away!

2 Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,
Would pall and languish on the taste;
Such airy chaff was ne'er design'd
To feed th' immortal, craving mind.

3 To nobler bliss my soul aspires,
Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires;
Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possest.

4 O let thy sacred word impart
Its sealing influence to my heart;
With pow'r, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

5 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
And heav'n born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

6 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more:

7 O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell forever near thy throne
In joys to mortal thoughts unknown. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 570. C. M.

Intreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches. *Hag.* xi. 7.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;

Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

7 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 571. S. M.

The Heavenly Shepherd. *Ps.* xiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore,
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 572. L. M.

Psalm cxxxiii.

HOW pleasing is the scene, how sweet!
When kindred souls in friendship join;
Whose joys and cares united meet
In bands of amity divine.

2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets profusely shower'd,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.

3 Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
(Impearl'd with dew,) a fairer sight;
Nor Zion's beauteous hills array'd
In golden beams of morning light.

4 'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more. STEELE.

HYMN 573. L. P. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life, dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest!

O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine,
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 574. L. M.

Psalm cl.

PRAISE ye the Lord; let praise employ
In his own courts your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine;
His wond'rous works how bright they shine!
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasures round;
While sweeter music tunes the lute,
The warbling harp, and breathing flute.

4 Ye virgin train, with joy advance
To praise him in the graceful dance;
To praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

5 Let the loud cymbal sounding high,
To softer, deeper notes reply;
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.

6 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord. *Mrs.* STEELE

HYMN 575. C. M.

Gratitude.

HOW chang'd the face of nature shows,
How gay the rural scene!
A fairer bloom the flowers disclose,
The meads a livelier green.

2 While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

3 And hark! the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

4 How kind the influence of the skies!
These showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

5 O let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

6 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

7 That hand, in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live,
And kindly showers of grace divine
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

8 O God of nature, God of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
And bid sweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart!

9 Inspir'd to praise I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song:
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue. MRS. STEELE.

HYMN 576. L. M.

The Resurrection. *Matt.* xxvii. 2—4.

1 THE silent noon of night was past,
The moon was bright in silver sheen,
When sudden gloom the sky o'ercast,
And quench'd in darkness all the scene.

2 The centinels around the tomb,
In which the murder'd Jesus lay,
Look'd forward from the dreary gloom
With anxious eyes for coming day.

3 But, hark! beneath the rumbling earth
Began with inward roars to rock,
As if her entrails from their girth
Were bursting with impetuous shock.

4 Th' affrighted soldiers rais'd their eyes
To angry Heav'n in fear-form'd pray'r!
But, lo! new terror in the skies!
A mighty spirit in the air.

5 Like light'nings fire his count'nance beam'd,
His garments glitter'd white as snow;
Wrapp'd in a blaze of light, he seem'd
Descending tow'rds the earth below.

6 They sunk, in terror overwhelm'd,
Struck to the quaking ground with dread:
The iron warrior, mail'd and helm'd,
Lay pale and senseless as the dead.

7 Soon to the earth the seraph came,
Soon was the rocky door thrown wide,
The quick-returning vital flame
Re-animates the Crucified!

8 With radiant glory compass'd round,
Forth walks the Conqueror girt with might;

The prostrate seraph licks the ground,
Eclips'd in his Creator's light.

9 How chang'd the scene!—of late, the mirth
And passive scorn of soldiers rude:
But now, while they lie stretch'd on earth,
He walks, too glorious to be view'd.

10 Behold yon tyrant! stript and bare,
In his own fetters bound, he lies;
His sceptre broken, while the air
Is troubled with his wailing cries.

11 Well may'st thou wail! the time draws nigh,
(This Resurrection seals the doom)
When thou, with all thy pow'r shall die,
And all thy captives leave the tomb. J. M. G.

HYMN 577. C. M.

Widow.

THOUGH faint and sick, and worn away
With poverty and woe,
My widow'd feet are doom'd to stray
Mid thorny paths below;

2 Be thou, O Lord! my Saviour still—
My confidence and guide!
I know that perfect is Thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in Thee
Thou never wilt forsake;
And though a bruised reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then, keep me, Lord! where'er I go—
Support me on my way;
Though worn with poverty and woe,
My widow'd footsteps stray!

5 To give my weakness strength, O God!
Thy staff shall yet avail:
And though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail. E. W—G.

HYMN 578. C. M.

The Condescension of God. *Kings* viii. 27.

ETERNAL pow'r, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heav'ns no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

4 But oh! to show thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here!

5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps, and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise. MRS. STERLE.

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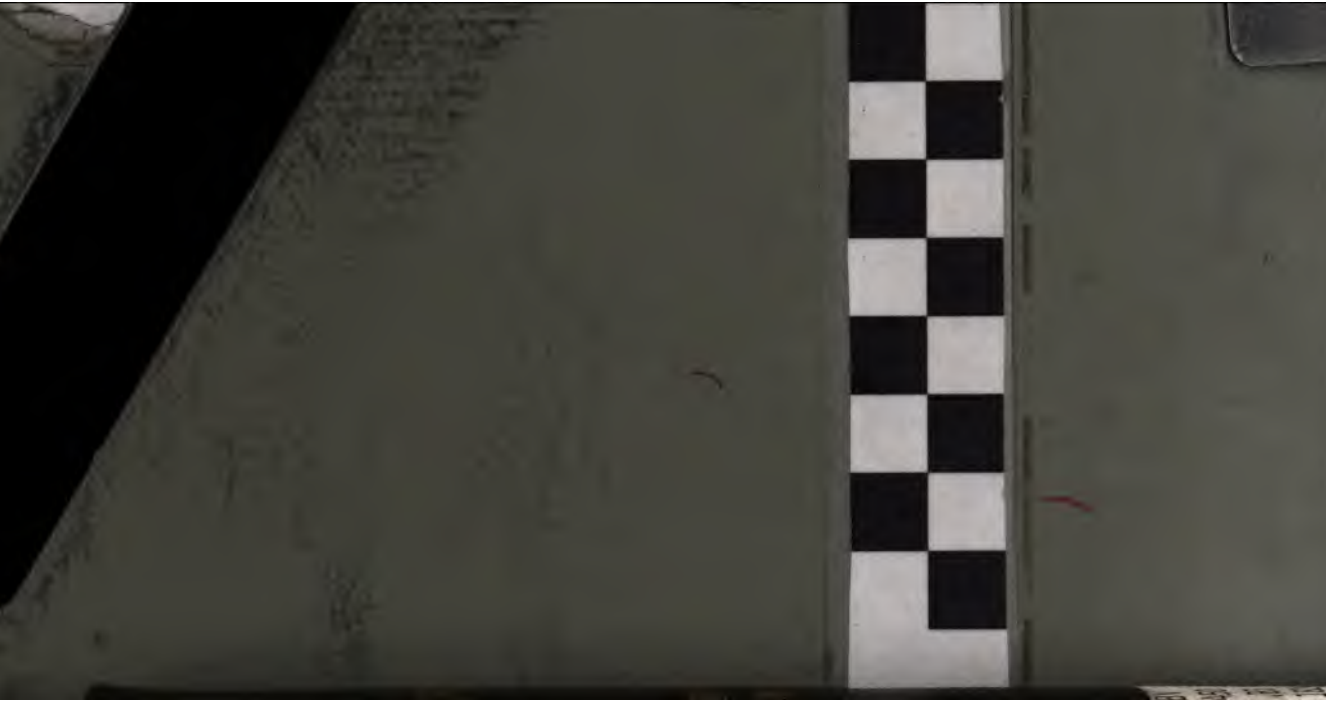
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